

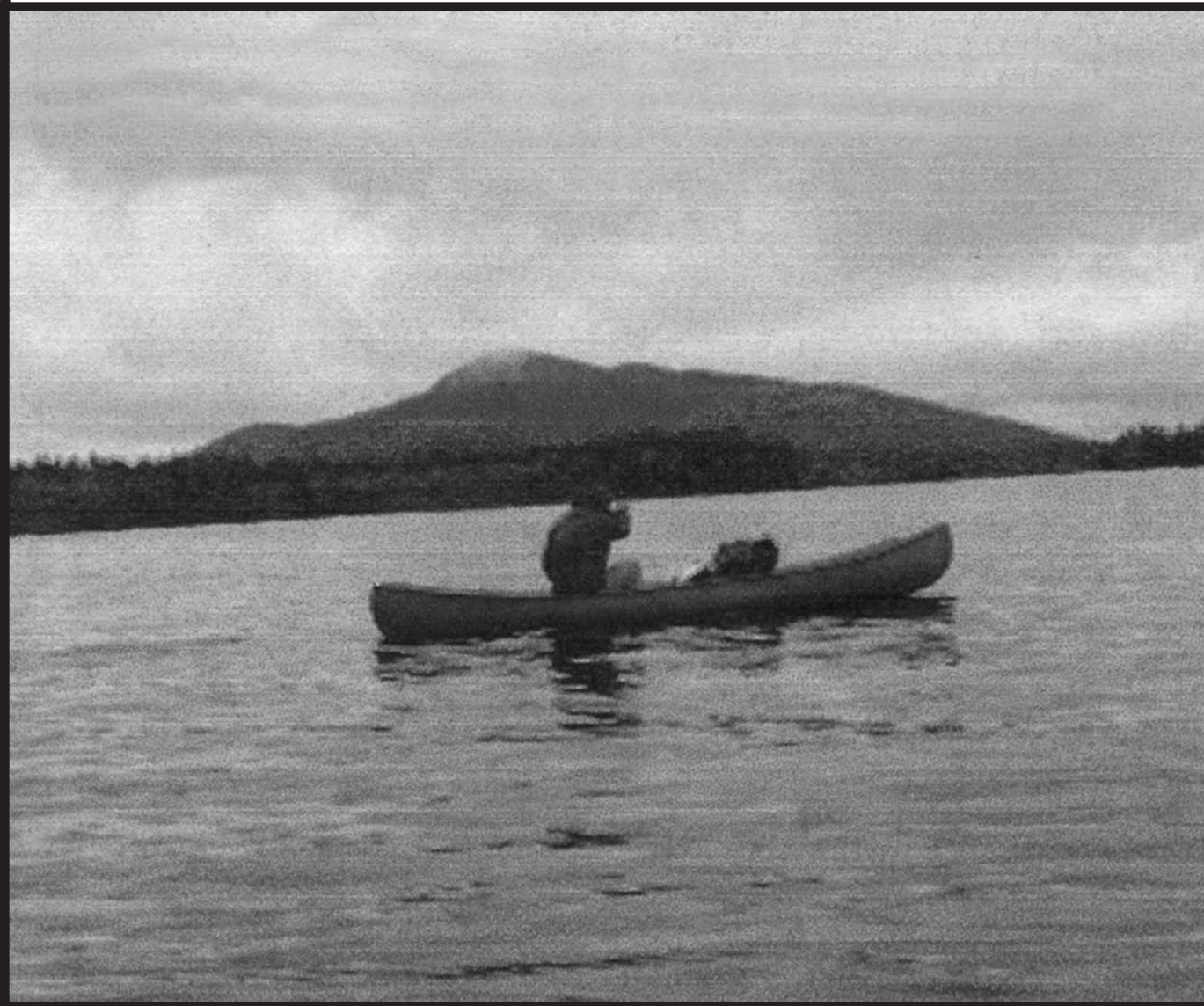


messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
“Three Maine Northwoods
Canoe Trips 1858–2006”

Volume 24 – Number 5

July 15, 2006



messing about in BOATS

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



This Commentary was originally written for the June 15 issue but I set it aside to focus on the tragic news of Robb White's death and again postponed it from the July 1 issue. While the subject has now receded somewhat from our awareness, I want to get its final airing to you, so here it is.

Something a bit different on this page (these pages!) this issue as I want to wrap up the revived discussion of the shortcomings of the writing/editing in this magazine. I thought the subject had been adequately covered after the letter faulting me for allowing fatuous prolixity to appear on our pages was met with the stalwart support from many of you for what I am doing. But then a letter came that earnestly presented a viewpoint not shared by me, so I decided to run it as that "Op Ed" page in the May 1 issue. Its appearance elicited another round of support and I want to share some of this with you in this enlarged "Commentary" section.

Ross Keller of Newburyport, Massachusetts, wrote, "I suspect that the reason you published that ridiculous letter from Mr. Patrick A. Cabe was in order to bask in the glory of the outraged responses from your readers."

While it was a pleasure to again bask in the glory of your outraged responses, Skip Rendall of St. Augustine, Florida, was closer to the mark: "The May 1 Op Ed page reveals our editor to be an intellectual in his respect for alternative viewpoints. That he also cares enough about his readers to share with them that self-immolating letter proves him a gentleman of good humor as well."

A number of you got into more detail pointing out the inconsistencies in reader Cabe's letter, the very faults appearing in it that were criticized for appearing on our pages. Herewith a sampling, edited for brevity to present key points while avoiding repetition:

Aaron Glazer of Cape Rosier, Maine, (Subscriber #1 with SWMBO Ann), states: "We see Mr. Cabe hoist by his own petard. He writes, 'a variety of examples of fundamental writing errors.' Hey, why not delete the extraneous verbosity here: 'variety of,' 'fundamental.' Or, to pile more on Mr. Cabe's petard, 'It grates to find them,' 'It avowedly,' 'more highly developed,' 'in principle,' 'on a superficial level,' 'in turn,' 'And so forth.' The latter is not a complete sentence according to his rules. Oh yes, another, 'And so on.' And 'nevertheless,' and 'it metaphorically' deserve at least a gentle flog.

And how does: "A skilled writer, in parallel with a skilled boat builder, follows such rules pretty much unconsciously?" Now c'mon Patrick, how can I parallel a boat builder? Or,

"follows such rules pretty much unconsciously." These errors would be redlined in any of my former grad students' writings.

Messing About is what it is. We like it (good complete sentence). We read it in many venues (nice big word), some of which (wrong phrase but I like it) will not be mentioned.

Sorry to pile on you Patrick A., but you have left yourself wide open. These *Messing About* readers are vicious, loyal, opinionated, trustworthy, honest, good-looking, above average, etc."

Joseph Ress of Waban, Massachusetts, admits that he "admires the vernacular" and goes on to comment in some detail: "Mr. Cabe's Op Ed piece was filled with obvious linguistic errors. Among them he lists as 'fatal errors,' incomplete sentences. Well, I spotted a couple; see paragraphs five and eleven. I also noted other basic flaws in his own writing skills. For example, the over-reaching comparison between boat building and writing is first called an 'analogy,' then a 'simile' (paragraph seven), 'a bit like....,' and then a 'metaphor' (paragraph nine).

Worse yet was the boring repetition. How many times does Mr. Cabe have to liken the writer to the boat builder in order for him to make his point?

One of the elemental purposes of any language is to transfer information clearly. Now, how does this add clarity: "A skilled writer in parallel with a skilled boat builder, follows..." Parallel? What does that mean in this instance? Or is it merely excess verbiage as is much of the rest of the piece?

As a lover of the English language, and a long-time reader and admirer of *MAIB*, I freely admit my admiration for the vernacular language and homespun quality (by the way, Mr. Cabe, "homespun" is one word, it is not hyphenated) that I continually find in *MAIB*."

Others viewed the critique overall as lacking in perspective. Parnell Walsh of Nanaimo, British Columbia, wrote: "I'm reminded of the story of a self-important young secretary who presumed to 'correct' one of Winston Churchill's manuscripts because Churchill had ended a sentence with a preposition. Sir Winston's response: 'This is precisely the sort of idle pedantry up with which I will not put!'"

John Quenell of Paul Smiths, New York, (who was instrumental a number of years ago in rescuing us from one of our printer crises) goes on after pointing out several linguistic errors in the critique: "I have been in the boat magazine editing business and I know first hand how ticklish it can be to edit, even with a 'gentle hand,' material that is submitted by amateur authors who might not appreciate your kind attention to

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On the Cover...

John Fitzgerald's photo from a recent canoe trip in the Maine North Woods catches the ambiance of that remnant of wild lands in our crowded northeast and serves to introduce us to three narratives of adventuring in that country featured in this issue

their work. Of course, one has to get rid of potential libel, but beyond that I think it is wise to pass the material through as long as the meaning is reasonably clear. If the fussy reader is not amused by the solecisms and tortured prose, let him do his reading elsewhere. And good luck with that. In our dumbed-down modern American society practically nothing is really well written any more."

Professional writer (and college writing teacher!) Peter Owens of Marstons Mills, Massachusetts, sees *MAIB* as writing in the raw: "*MAIB* is a remarkable gem of rich, vibrant writing by ANY standard and it offers an exceptional array of engrossing amusements from adventure, to quite beautiful travel essays, to grouchy amusing commentary, to nautical confession, to global insights on the raw facts of working boats and ships, to expert advice, spellbinding letters, fun and goofy reports, and editorial honesty that no other nautical publication even approaches, that few publications of any kind approach."

Interestingly, *MAIB* is exceptionally modern and very much in tune with what the internet is doing with all publications, pushing away from Madison Avenue, Hollywood, and all that is slick, phony, and glossy. *MAIB* is the real deal, writing in the raw."

Amidst the outrage, John Trussel of Hopkins, South Carolina, offered a mild defense of some points made in the critique. "There are many standards for written language, but the one I find most useful is this. The English language is not supposed to be written so that it can be understood. It is supposed to be written so that it cannot be misunderstood!"

I wish that people would write more formally and correctly (rather than transcribing informally spoken words), but I'll settle for language that cannot be misunderstood and hope that what I learn turns out to be worth enduring any fatuous prolixity."

After cataloging a few of the linguistic inconsistencies in the critique (already noted above), John deGroot of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, points out: "Simply put, Mr. Cabe's letter is not well composed. That fact works against the validity of his letter. In the vernacular, 'It don't got no flavor, Baby!' *MAIB* does, of, by, and for *MAIB*ers. In fact, the only implied criticism we might have of *MAIB* editing is to hope that no further page space will be wasted on Mr. Cabe's brand of pedantry."

Turner Matthews of Bradenton, Florida, encourages our writing to one another "in the voice and grammar that we now and speak:" "I have been an irregular subscriber and occasional contributor to this magazine for a period spanning more than 20 years and have given many subscriptions to friends and acquaintances to contribute in a meaningful way to the continuation of this unique publication. I wholly support the existence of a publication where our interests and passions about our small boat experiences (whether building, designing, or using) can be expressed by our readers. Were the articles to be edited for grammar, syntax, punctuation, and the like, as Mr. Cabe suggests, many readers would probably never submit them. I have never met anyone who does not get immense pleasure from seeing something they have written appear in a publication."

I am deeply grateful for the opportunity to have my contributions published. It is a privilege which should never be intimidated by the possibility that the article or submis-

sion fails some editorial test. In fact, in my own experience, the editing of one of my articles by another magazine completely altered the intent and meaning of it when it was published. Let us, therefore, in this publication at least, continue to write to each other in the voice and grammar that we know and speak, thereby revealing the true source and humanity of the words and not having our writings translated and sterilized by some editor into his concept of how we should have expressed ourselves."

In refuting Mr. Cabe's narrowly defined view of what this magazine should be, occasional contributor Boyd Mefferd of Canton, Connecticut, offered a thoughtful bigger picture of what *MAIB* is: "It seems like Patrick Cabe never saw a rule he didn't like; the rules of English composition, rules of business management, all worth following. I've always thought of your 'authors' as a ragged bunch of rule breakers, so whipping them into shape would be quite an accomplishment."

I guess I read more for content than for style. I can't remember anything you've ever published that was hard to read and much of it seems quite eloquent to me. Your writers have the refreshing quality of knowing what they're writing about, they write because they enjoy it, not because they're paid, and factual errors are rare. Contrast this with the mainstream press where journalists are assigned "stories" and do "research," and even the smart ones get it wrong a lot of the time."

The business plan suggested that the idea that better writing will attract more readers who will attract more advertisers, seems naive at best given the nature of the magazine. Obviously I can't speak for you, but I sense that your focus is on the survival of the magazine and making a living, not on building it into a fancy money making boating magazine."

People who are primarily motivated by money have the annoying tendency to assume that everyone else is. I've turned down offers on boats only to have the man spread the stacks of hundreds out on the deck, to remind me, I guess, of what I'm refusing. It must have worked for him before. They say money talks, but not everyone listens. If you were to poll your readers on why they do what they do, that it's lucrative would not be at the top of the list, or at least that's my guess."

There seems to be a kind of comradeship among your readers, even though a lot of us will never meet face to face. To have the magazine be at the center of all this seems remarkable, something that says a lot for the way you've set it

all up and the decisions you've made year after year."

Mac McIntosh of Dover, New Hampshire, sent us the most succinct analysis: "I couldn't believe Patrick A. Cabe was serious in his Op Ed article about *MAIB* in the May 1 issue. He totally misses the point of this great little magazine."

And with that I am closing the book on the great fatuous prolixity topic. I thank all of you who reinforced my conviction that if what I have been doing had not meet with general reader approval I would have long ago gone out of business. For those who are distressed about what they see on our pages or how it is presented, I can offer no hope for changes, you'll have to look elsewhere for what you want."



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You write to us about...

Tributes to Robb White

Most Courageous Man I Knew

I am still stunned by the sudden departure of Robb White. It's just so hard to believe that he's gone. I know that we all share the same overwhelming grief with this truly tragic loss. The thing is that we all, all of your readers and all the other fans of his work, felt we knew him like a brother, a cranky, lovably hilarious brother, because his writing was so intimate and personal. And that makes accepting his passing all the harder.

I had the true honor and privilege of being counted somewhere among his many friends. We had corresponded for years, discussing mutual interests and dislikes, comparing individual levels of crankiness, and trying to hatch some hare-brained scheme or other. Last year we finally collaborated on a children's book which sprung from his warped imagination called *Blowing Your Nose* (unpublished). His writing, my drawings. I was so thrilled to be working with a man I consider to be a truly great American humorist, who I am convinced would eventually have been placed up there on the same shelf with Mark Twain and Will Rogers.

We all knew and loved (well, most of us) his wry observations and dry humor about his life and the people he encountered, and although his opinions may have pushed some readers too far, he got everybody thinking and laughing at the same time, which is quite a trick.

But it was that same inimitable folksy and ironic wit that gave me false optimism about the severity of his condition and his chances of survival. A few days before he died I received an email in which he talked about doctors finding a blockage and how poor his chances were. But damn it, he announced this terrifying news in such a way that it was impossible not to laugh! Describing the frightening testing and the physical attributes of the doctors that were probing him, in a typically colorful and hilarious way, "They gave me a Cat Scan, didn't find any." That sort of thing. But I found myself laughing and crying at the same time.

I believe that Robb was the most courageous man I ever knew. To know that his chances were 50/50 and to be able to face that squarely and still, without breaking his stride, maintain his entertaining style while breaking the news to everyone, took the kind of guts I'll never have. And he proved that he wasn't some antisocial crank who had no use for people. That was an act of love, to care so much about the feelings of others that he eased them into terrifyingly bad news without self pity but, as always, with a laugh.

I tried to be courageous, too, and I sent him a note saying he should try to do the operation himself because he was a pretty handy guy and might save a buck. This is part of the last email I got from him

"Yeah... I wish I could do that procedure myself. I watched the catheter on the TV while he was doing the angiogram and it looked like something I could do. Oh well. I ain't been slacking none. Jane and I just got back from fishing... caught 31 real nice fly bream and as

soon as I get the hell out of the goddamn hospital Wednesday we are going back.

You know, if I get out of this fix, I am liable not to ever be worth a shit for anything due to attitude problems.

Joy to you."

Robb White was man who lived his life his way, right up to the end. Joy to you, Robb.
Ernie Fosselius, Sebastopol CA

So Sad

Robb's sudden death is so sad! I had just had a note from Robb, thanking me for my note I had written to him thanking him for the nice review of the catalog! I had learned of his death on the Atkin chatroom. Your "Commentary" is wonderful!

Pat Atkin, Noroton, CT

Would Have Been Hailed as a Titan

The death of my friend Robb White, writer and boat builder, on May 16, 2006 (my birthday), was a great shock and loss. Robb and I have corresponded on a wide range of topics about monthly since 2002. The loss of this interaction is going to leave a big hole in my life.

Two years ago, in April, I briefly visited Robb and he gave my wife and I a grand tour of the old plantation ground in his trusty Diesel Dodge pickup. His knowledge of the land and fauna was awe-inspiring.

The true highlight was looking at the Rescue Minor and several boats he had under wraps. His method of using very thin wood and capillary epoxy infusion yielded excellent results of strength and lightness. The strip-planked canoe was 75% finished and it was outstanding. I was all set to write an article on my visit, but I re-read *WoodenBoat* #160 for a fine description of Robb and his works.

If he had been working in Maine or Massachusetts, rather than southern Georgia, he would have been hailed as a titan like Joel White or Arno Day. But I think he preferred it his way with his family and grounds nearby.

He obviously contributed to *MAIB* because it was fun for him and it let him express some tangent of his beliefs, sometimes with a huge tongue in his cheek. The work he did for *WoodenBoat* was researched rigorously and reported with clarity and excellent photos.

I am sure many will miss him as much as I will and recall many incidents with a smile.

Joe Spaulding, Skaneateles, NY

Wonderful Contributions

I was saddened to hear about Robb's death. I had just written a letter to *MAIB* on the subject of "Fatuos Prolixity" in which I affectionately referred to the "Oracle of Thomasville." Bob immediately replied with a note saying, "We lost our 'Oracle of Thomasville.' A sad happening." He also sent me an advance copy of his "Commentary" for the June 15 issue of *MAIB* in which he quotes from Robb's last two letters to him.

Reading Bob's "Commentary," I was moved by Robb's awareness and understanding of the risks in the operation and his reso-

lution and fortitude to proceed, along with his wit and rich choice of words.

For nine years he brought these attributes to his wonderful contributions to *MAIB*. I want to thank all of the Robb White family for sharing his gifts with me and I am sure with many other *MAIB* readers.

The late poet Peter Viereck wrote:

"Though life ails just a day faster

than art allays,

Though age rots art

before it can learn to sing true,

Sing anyhow. Continue."

Robb lived this way.

John Wallis Cooper, San Antonio, TX

He Was as Good as You Will Find

Robb's passing is indeed sad news, a sharper blow for being so unexpected. All us geezers know that the Grim One is waiting somewhere up ahead, maybe off the chart, but again, maybe around the next headland. Some anchor up and keep a sharp lookout but most carry on. Robb was in the van, never shortening down, somehow more vital, more alive than most of us.

Perhaps he wasn't your standard Renaissance Man, but for intelligence, learning, and mastery of everyday nuts and bolts, he was as good as you will find. His comments about his school teaching days assured me that he was a caring and considerate fellow. I know he always made time to drop a note.

You were right to print his last letters. They allay our questions, give us a feeling of being privy to his decisions, and add poignancy. His pieces, whether outrageous, informative, reminiscent, or shop manual, were all good, some great. Fortunately I have back issues to relive the good times.

Jim Thayer, Collbran, CO

He Was One of a Kind

I was truly saddened to learn about our great friend Robb White passing away on Tuesday, May 16, 2006. What a terrible shock just when things were going so well with his always entertaining and technically superb writing skills.

Needless to say, I was a dedicated and loyal fan of Robb's folksy "Take No Prisoners" style of writing, and he had a huge following of like-minded people who saw him as a champion of current marine journalism for the little guy. I am sure that even his few venomous detractors were, in fact, simply very jealous of his always infectious and unflappable Southern style of down to earth prose.

With Robb there was never any "give in" to slick or so-called in between language to soothe the meek or obviously snooty and intellectually minded souls out there. With Robb what you read was what you got and it always made good common sense.

This is a great loss to *MAIB*, *WoodenBoat*, and America's boating community at large. His journalistic skills will be missed by thousands of his ardent followers. His work was like a huge mine shaft of information that just kept getting deeper and deeper as time went by and I, for one, always wondered how one man could do it all so remarkably well. The warm stories about his family and grandchildren were "the icing on the cake" that everyone loved and could relate to in our day to day lives.

They do not make them like Robb anymore, he was a one of a kind gem and we are

all better persons for having known him. His work will always be treasured and a compilation of it would be a great endeavour in the future.

With great respect and sincerity,
Joe Fossey, Barrie ON Canada

Difficult to Believe Robb is Gone

Damn, what a shock. It's difficult to believe that Robb is gone. I was planning to finally get to meet him at St. Michaels in October. When he told me he was going to be in Cortez, Florida, in April I tried to find a way to get down there but I could not get away for a week because of family obligations. I should have done it anyway! I can't imagine how his family is coping.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

Wanted to Thank Him for 30 Years

Still shocked about Robb. Luckily I finally introduced him to the Gougeons at Cedar Key. Meade missed him two years ago and has wanted to thank him for 30 years.

Hugh Horton, Mt. Clemens, MI

We'll All Be Meeting at Fiddlers' Green

I'll be forever thankful to *MAIB* for introducing me to Robb White, if only by mail. His expertise in writing, humor, and boatbuilding was so similar to my old friend Clark Mills that I felt knew him already.

I was devastated by the news of Robb's sudden death, but I suspect that he is already building his new Rescue Minor and will soon be putting along with his Weedless Three Evinrude toward Fiddlers' Green where we'll all tie up for a good gam.

Mac McIntosh, Dover, NH

We've Lost Our Best Boating Writer

In early June I was launching my crabbing skiff at Nick's Cove on Tomales Bay. I had a boatload with five us aboard, I threw line to friendly boater who was waiting to launch. Of course, I asked my usual question, "Do you know the publication *MAIB*?" He answered, "Yes," and we both realized that we had met before. Ernie Fosselius had purchased a set of Sleeper plans from my years ago. Ernie broke the bad news. I still can hardly believe it, that Robb White is gone. We have lost our best boating writer. I just wanted to thank you for bringing him to us.

Derek Van Loan, Mill Valley, CA

Activities & Events...

Bridges Points 2006 Rendezvous and Regatta

The fleet will gather July 29-30 for the 16th Annual Rendezvous and Regatta at Bridges Point, Maine. It will be a lady skippers' event; i.e., each boat, in order to qualify for the championship, must be steered by a woman. We already have a number of Bridges Point 24's ably sailed by women. These female skippers may sail with male crew, but they shall not be required to listen to them.

Kent Mulliken, Chapel Hill, NC,
kent@ga.unc.edu

New Jersey State Rowing Championship

The largest lifeguard rowing event in the United States takes place on July 18 in Brick, Seaside Bridge, and Seaside Heights, New Jersey. National class boats must meet class specifications but exhibition class boats

can be any type of rowing craft. The event is open to all current lifeguards and alumni and other athletes who possess skills and conditioning needed to compete safely. For details go to rowrace.com, phone (732) 785-0665, or email njrowrace@comcast.net.

Port of Toledo Wooden Boat Show

Come to Toledo, Oregon, on August 19-20th for a fun summer event filled with wooden boats, maritime artwork, demonstrations, live music, seafood, activities for the family (including the "Rain Gutter Regatta" race and model boat building), the "Yaquina Runoff" non-motorized boat race, antiques on Main Street, and lots of planned events and spontaneous happenings!

For more information call The Port of Toledo at (541) 336-5207 or go to <http://www.portoftoledo.org>. For views of our 2005 Wooden Boat Show visit <http://www.portoftoledo.org/images/wbfest2005logo.jpg>

Information of Interest...

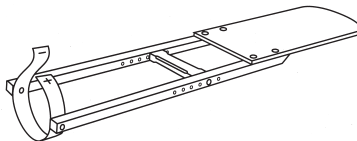
More on One-Handed Paddle

The one-handed paddle presented by Henry Champagne in the June 1 issue is a great concept. I'd like to throw in this construction pictured. The one-piece "EZ Arm" model doesn't allow for much experimentation once you have cut it out. I think this has the potential to be lighter in weight. It's the kind of thing that has to be well-fitted to the boat and paddler to be most effective.

This construction takes a little bit from crutches and a bit from snow shoes and can be made of wood or a combination of wood and aluminum tubing. Once the geometry is down, the paddles can be made as slick as you like.

On another subject, in messing with sails for a pond model I came upon rip stop nylon at \$7/yd, 60" width, which looks like it would be plenty rugged enough for canoe sails and lots more compact to store than polytarp (no offense intended to Dave Gray). I glued mine with Carpenter's but there are waterproof, washable fabric cements which, after a 24-hour cure, seem equally strong.

Irwin Schuster, Tampa, FL



Follow-up on "15 Minutes of Fame"

Subsequent to writing my story "Fifteen Minutes of Fame" which appeared in the July 1 issue, I was reminded of an interesting facet of the story about the cast-off Naval Academy shell we used that fateful day.

In 1952 the Annapolis Navy crew traveled to an away race. It is customary for visiting crews to bring "spares," one extra oarsman from each side, port and starboard, in case of misadventure to one of the scheduled rowers. Often the spares participate by acting as "stakeboaters." At the start of a race the competing boats are backed up to stakes driven in the river or lake bottom. Moored behind each stake is a small dinghy. Someone in each dinghy reaches around the stake and grabs the rear end of the boat's ruder

with one arm on each side of the stake. The coxswains hold one arm up to signal their boat isn't prepared to start, while instructing the bow pair in using their oars to align the shell with their course lane. When the boat is in line the cox lowers his arm, and when all boats are ready the officials in the race boat (a powerboat off to one side of the course) start the race.

At the 1952 race the Navy stakeboater thought that maybe he could help his buddies out a tad. So when the starting gun went off, instead of just throwing both arms up in the air, he first gave the rudder a shove to start the Navy shell off. This resulted in the rudder being shoved to one side and caused the Navy shell to execute a sharp turn out of its lane with eight 200lb oarsman driving as hard as they could. The damaged shell was given to Princeton as mentioned, and repaired by them, and then loaned to us for our race.

Jacques Read, Washington, DC

PLYBOATS Still Being Used

Believe it or not, the MSDOS version of PLYBOATS is still being used and I still get four or five orders per month. There have been over 40,000 downloads of the Free Demo. Apparently there are a lot of people interested in boat design. These come in from all over the world. The biggest interest is from the state of Washington, then England, Australia, and Florida. There are a total of 36 schools using it in the U.S., England, Canada, and Australia, so more interest in small boat design is being generated each semester.

In an advertisement elsewhere in this issue I provide some help to PLYBOATS users who may be having some printing problems with Microsoft XP and W2000 operating systems.

Ray Clark, Huntington Beach, CA,
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I have recently enjoyed two boating books which I think may be of interest to some of your readers. Obtained from used bookshops, both may be difficult to locate so I am offering to pass them on.

When the Water Smokes, *A Peltier Creek Chronicle* (1983) is a collection of articles originally written by Bob Simpson for his column in a Raleigh, North Carolina, newspaper. The tidal waters around Morehead City, North Carolina, are the stage. Sylvia H., a victim Simpson reclaimed and resuscitated from the Great Groundhog Day Storm, is a main character. Boat repairs, fishing, weather, and wildlife tales are brought to life within the local environment of commercial fishermen, charter boats, and various other messings about on and near the water. Maybe a younger Robb White enjoyed reading some of Simpson's mutterings and ramblings back in the 1970s? Herewith a sampling:

"No one can kid me about outboard motors. Just like other horses, they know when you are afraid of them and respond accordingly. That infernal machine understands that you don't understand and takes fiendish delight, you see, it really is ultra-sophisticated in being perverse. As with an unruly animal, sometimes you've got to find someone who can train it properly. My Sea Horse is now being trained by mechanics at Boats, Inc. I hope they use a big whip."

When looking through *An Ocean to Cross*, *Daring the Atlantic*, *Claiming a New Life*, by Liz Fordred and Susie Blackmun, I thought I had read enough tales of starry-



Book Review

Two Books of Interest

By Jeff Hillier

eyed young couples building boats and cruising oceans, so I almost left this one in the bookstore. But this one is so different that I rank it among the best I have ever read. It begins in 1978 in landlocked Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe). Rebellion is breaking out. With dreams of sailing the Atlantic, the Fordreds obtain a 43' hull, bare as only a cement hull can be. The years it took to complete the boat were only the beginning; getting out of the country, trucking through South Africa, and outfitting in Durban were just as challenging. If they had applied an adhesive to the back of all of the red tape they could have brought colored duct tape to market 20 years ahead of time.

The real story, however, is not the boat. It is the couple. Neither Liz nor Peter Fordred had sailed a boat. And they were both confined to wheelchairs.

Since both of these books are probably out of print, I am happy to give them to anyone who asks.

Jeff Hillier, N. Hampton, NH

Editor Comments: I suggested to Jeff that he send them to me to read and/or pass on. A short look through each when they

arrived determined me to read *An Ocean to Cross*... first. As Jeff said, it was much more than just another "how we built a boat and sailed away" chronicle.

Author Liz met her future husband Pete at the clinic at which both were learning how to cope with spinal cord injuries that had paralyzed them both from the waist down. She was thrown from a horse in a cross country race and severed her spinal cord at 18. Pete suffered a similar injury, crushing his spinal cord in a youthful automobile accident at age 19. My friend Charlie suffered a similar injury at age 20 on a trampoline so I was predisposed to read on to see how these two made a life.

I was not disappointed. The decision to build a 43' sailboat by this young couple was to be an effort at broadening their mobility. Neither had ever sailed and they were 1,000 miles from the ocean in what was then Southern Rhodesia. The project had all the challenges we read about faced by able bodied amateur builders who chronicle their experiences, made much more intimidating by their disabilities and lack of materials available in their country suffering under political sanctions as it was separating from the British Empire in the late '70s.

Their youthful drive and self-reliance, especially emphasized to show that they could carry on from wheelchairs, was dogged and unrelenting. Peter was a talented engineer/fabricator and Liz was a driven woman who was appalled by the perception that the public seemed to have of them as being crazy cripples. When some early efforts by a wannabe agent to do fundraising for them (the agent's idea, not theirs) sputtered out they carried on working to earn the money they needed while doing virtually all the work, building, moving, and fitting out the ferrocement bare hull they started with.

Over the years they had much unsolicited help from many who saw what they were doing and quietly helped in ways they could. They got afloat, learned to sail from skilled volunteers who turned up to help, and finally left Capetown to cross the Atlantic on their own, eventually arriving in Florida.

There they docked in a slip offered to them by another benefactor. As Liz then tells it, "Little did we know when we tied up there that 18 years later our boat would still be there, never sailed again. We had found out we really didn't like sailing!" They settled in Fort Lauderdale and bought a small engine shop for a livelihood.

I'm passing this book on to Charlie who, while not a boat nut, can really appreciate what these two achieved. When he is finished it will go on to reader Don Backe who founded, and is director of, CRAB, an adaptive sailing center for persons with disabilities in Annapolis, Maryland. Don is looking forward this year to the launching of an adaptive pocket cruising sailboat (a 12-year project he has been pursuing) so that a person with a disability can go cruising with an able bodied companion. From there...

If you want to chase down this book through your library or on the internet, here is the official info:

An Ocean to Cross, *Daring the Atlantic*, *Claiming a New Life*

By Liz Fordred & Susan Blackmun
International Marine Publishing 2001
ISBN 0-07-135504-9

I'll let you know about Jeff's other book after I get to read it.

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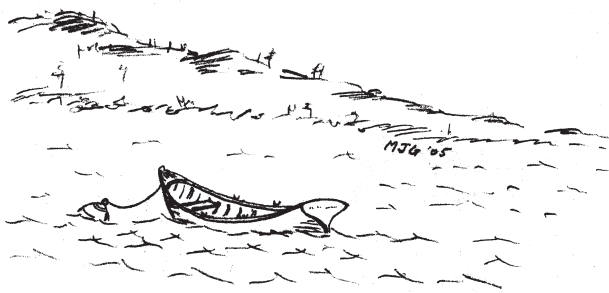
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From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

My wife suggested I write this. When first I met her, ten years ago, she was not a waterwoman. I decided to convert her. Now, ten years later, she still is not a waterwoman. However, she now has become an aspiring waterwoman. Progress. That's what we like to see.

I borrowed my son's canoe and took her paddling on the most placid water imaginable, a large salt marsh pond a few miles down the road. Half of its thousand acres, shallow enough to wade in, encouraged her to get in and out and slog about, clamming, way offshore. She soon learned to deal with the canoe, an unstable, whitewater model. After a while we switched to flatwater kayaks. Besides stability, they offer back support. The double paddle, easier on one's arms, allowed us more range.

I told her about sailing. I'd sailed growing up but hadn't owned a sailboat in years. One of her sisters has a powerboat at a marina in Connecticut and occasionally invited us for a ride. Perhaps we could buy a boat and keep it there, my wife suggested.

One day, while driving, we passed a curvaceous young sailboat on a trailer, taking a nap in the sun. I slowed a bit to bestow my admiration. A Cape Dory Typhoon, 18'6" long, she had a full keel and cuddy cabin. Such a pretty lass, I remarked. A couple of miles later my wife responded, "Let's buy her!"

We bought her. I did the survey myself. Though basically sound, she needed lots of TLC. No, Dear, that doesn't stand for Totally Lost Cause. Eventually we got her into the water for half a season.

My wife wasn't sure she enjoyed it. "It tips," she observed. "The ocean is rough," she yelled. "Turn it around and go back!" she screamed. "I'm much too young to drown!" "Relax," I told her. "This is how little sailboats behave. And it isn't rough at all, there's often a two to three foot chop when the wind backs up the tide." "Turn it around!" she commanded. "We... are going... Back!" Aye, aye, Skipper.

By the end of our second season she began to relax a bit, as long as the wind didn't exceed ten knots and we didn't go more than a mile from the shore. The cuddy cabin made her claustrophobic. "No way will I ever sleep down there in that cave!" The Porta Potty she admired from a distance. It definitely ranked as very second-rate sculpture. "Thanks anyway," she would say, "But I can wait."

There seemed only one plausible solution. Yep, you guessed it. We purchased a larger boat. The little Typhoon found a new home in New Hampshire. I bought an old Chris Craft sailboat, a 26' "Pawnee." Now this is the cat's pajamas. We even have curtains. We have not only headroom but also a head. With a door. And a galley with an ice-box. And a table where she can sit down to eat a meal. We have running water. And lights. She can curl up on her bunk and read a book in the evening. The boom doesn't ever hit her in the head. A lifeline runs all the way round the deck.

We spent a couple of weekends on her. Everything went smoothly. One of these years I'll promote her to bosun's mate. When the boat doesn't bounce, she'll help me take in the sails. But whitecaps fill her with terror. Heeling more than 15 degrees is tantamount to drowning. But progress looms on the horizon. She's learning what some of these nautical terms denote. "Head up" has nothing to do with posture, "shoving off" is not euphemistic for overboard disposal of carping wives. She enjoys taking the helm. I've taught her to come about and to trim the sails. She's even learned that "reaching" has nothing to do, most of the time, with cookies.

One of these days, I have no doubt, she'll learn to use the outboard. What's that, Dear? Oh, well, it was just a thought...



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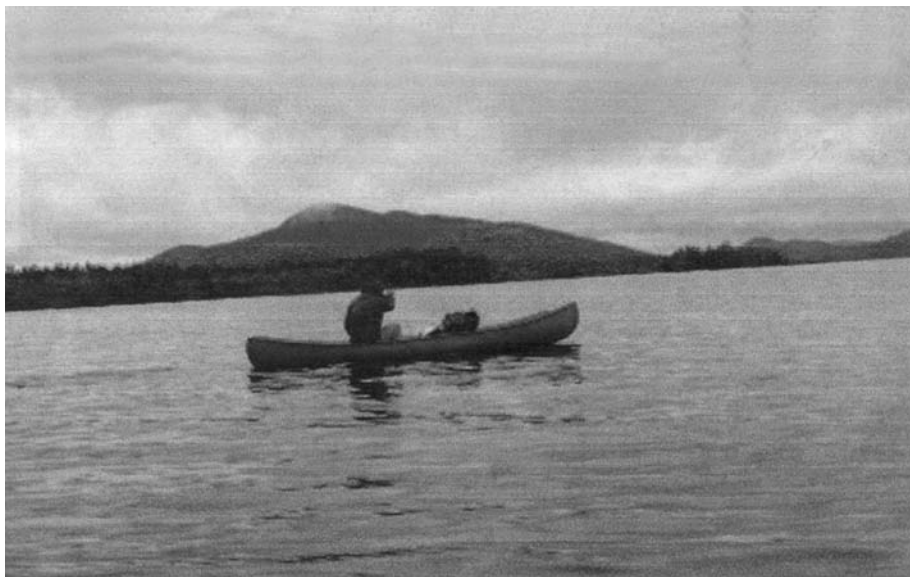
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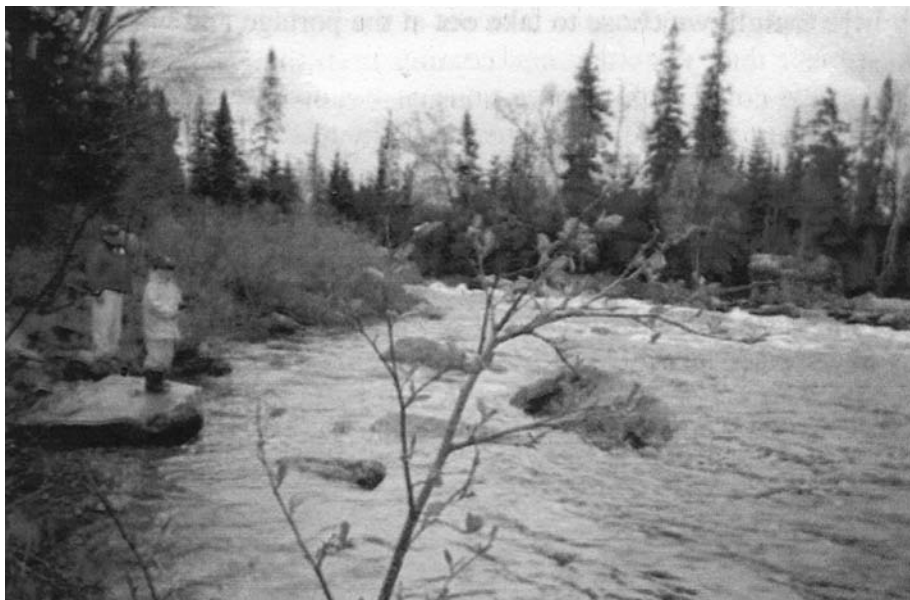
An Adventure in the Rain

By Steve Lapey

Photos by John Fitzgerald and the Author



Attean Mountain in the background.



John and Brendan Trout Fishing.

Camel Rips.



On Thursday, May 18, with the recent downpours behind us, friend John Fitzgerald and I decided to proceed as earlier planned on the Moose River Bow trip in northern Maine. Logic told us that all of the rain was over with and we would have fair weather for the next several days. The USGS gauging station on nearby Spencer Stream was reporting near normal water levels for the area as they hadn't received anywhere near the rainfall that our home area had. Everything was falling into place perfectly, nothing could go wrong!

John and son Brendan left Concord, Massachusetts, around 5am and picked me up at the commuter "Park and Ride" lot in Newburyport just off of I-95 where we transferred my canoe and gear to his Ford Explorer for the journey to Jackman, Maine. It was quite a sight, the blue SUV with the two red canoes side by side on the roof rack. John chose to bring his Chestnut Prospector and I brought the Peterborough look-alike that came off my building form two years ago. There was some concern that we would go tripping in Maine with red canoes, as most of the Mainers prefer dark green, but no one said anything.

All loaded up, we were headed north before 6am with no traffic and arrived in Jackman just after 10am. Forty-five minutes later we were on the water from the Moose River landing, between Attean Pond and Wood Pond, near the Canadian Pacific rail crossing. We could not get to the Attean Pond landing as the road is gated until Memorial Day, but that was no problem, it just gave us another short stretch of the Moose River to paddle.

Fifteen minutes into the trip the clouds that we had been watching on the way up started to let out a few rain drops, so we paused, got out the rain gear, and paddled on into Attean Pond. Everyone has warned me about the dreaded "Attean Pond Headwind" that just waits for canoeists and then roars down the pond from the west, making this the toughest paddle on the planet. Well, maybe the dreaded wind doesn't work in the rain because all we had to deal with was a light breeze and a little rain. We were at the first portage of the trip just in time for lunch.

The portage trail was well marked and started off well, but before long the trail entered a boggy area where there were boardwalks to keep us out of the mud. The boardwalks were nice and I am glad they were there, but they were very slippery in the rain and one had to step carefully not to slide off into the mud or to fall. It was described as 1.2 miles of portage and I think that is a close estimate, I carried the canoe for what I figured was about one mile, put it down, and went back for my gear in two packsacks which I took all the way to the end. Then I went back and finished the trip with the canoe.

John and Brendan did the same with their equipment and by 3:20pm we were done with the toughest part of the trip and were paddling down Holeb Pond to a pretty campsite that Fitz, our native guide, remem-

bered from a previous trip. The campsite was nice with plenty of tent areas, a fire pit, a picnic table, and back in the woods, an out-house. All the comforts of home! All of the campsites that we had on this trip were about the same as this one, fully equipped.

We set up the tents and strung a tarp during a break in the rain and got into the routine of setting up, cooking, eating, cleaning up, and all the other little chores that are part of one of these trips. By the time it was getting dark we were ready to head to the tents to get rested up for tomorrow's work on the Moose. The raindrops on the tent along with the cries of the loons put me to sleep in a few moments and the next thing I knew it was time to rise and shine. The only thing I heard all night was the Canadian Pacific eastbound freight train rumbling through at about 4am.

Friday morning we slept in until 7am, yet we managed to get on the water shortly after 8am. During breakfast, in a lull from the rain, Fitz observed that the weather was "threatening." Good forecast, John. Soon we were paddling with full rain suits on, crossing Holeb Pond to the outlet which would put us on Holeb Stream. The wind this morning was stronger and coming from the east, which seemed strange and indicated that we could expect more unusual weather. I was working to keep the bow of the canoe quartered into the wind but John had Brendan helping to keep the Prospector lined up properly and soon we were out of the wind and into the quiet waters of the stream.

Soon enough the stream joined the mighty Moose River which was moving at a good speed. There were lots of moose signs along the river and John says he heard one moving in the woods, but we didn't get to see any. We did see a beaver, some muskrats, and lots of birds, but no moose. Shortly we came to Camel Rips, the channel on river right looked good so we both ran the ledge with no problems. Brendan was starting to like the white water.

Shortly before lunch we arrived at the Holeb Falls portage which was extended somewhat because of a large blockage of the river caused by a big pile of blown down trees that we couldn't get around. On the portage we met up with a group from Unity College. They were on the second day of a 10-day trip. Their plans were to camp at Spencer Rips and then leave the Moose via a two-mile portage to Spencer Lake, then down Spencer Stream to the Dead River and on to Flagstaff Lake. Fun!

Our plans were to set up camp here at Holeb Falls where John and Brendan could do some fishing and we could get some cover from the light rain that was continuing. With the tarps strung over the picnic table we had another dry area for cooking and eating. Once again, by the time it was getting dark we were ready to call it a day.

Saturday morning I was up at 6am and ate but I waited until 7am to wake John and Brendan as it was raining lightly and we were in no big rush to get to Attean Falls, which was only 12 miles downriver. We were underway just before 9am with full rain gear and in a few minutes we came to Mosquito Rips which the Fitzgerald's ran easily down the center. I found myself hung up on a hidden rock about 15' above the top of the rapids and by the time I got myself unstuck it looked like I was going to go down the chute backwards. A little frantic paddling got the



Trout Fishing at Attean Falls.

boat turned around just in time and I slid down the ledge to join the others.

At 10am we came upon Spencer Rips which appeared a little more active than the rapids that we had already done. After taking a couple of close looks at the situation we decided to ignore the portage sign and run the rapids on river right. A couple of bumps and grinds and we were in the eddy at the bottom. Brendan is really enjoying this white water now!

The Unity College group was still at the campsite, perhaps waiting for the rain to let up before setting out on their long portage. Apparently there is a rough road into the Moose here as there were a few fishermen camped here with pickup trucks. One fisherman appeared to have moved in for the duration, he had a large family tent set up next to the river. I saw a 20lb propane tank next to the tent with a hose running inside. I can only imagine what sort of equipment he had in there.

Passing the #5 Bog, we expected to see a moose or two, but that was not to be. The river here was mostly flat water with only a few quick spots and the current moved us along quickly. We were able to hear Attean Falls long before we came to them. Attean is actually two sets of drops, the guide book says to carry the upper set on the left and then carry the second set on river right. Once again we took a long look at the upper set and chose a route through just left of center. We both went down without touching a single rock! It must have been Brendan in the bow of the lead boat aiming for the right channel.

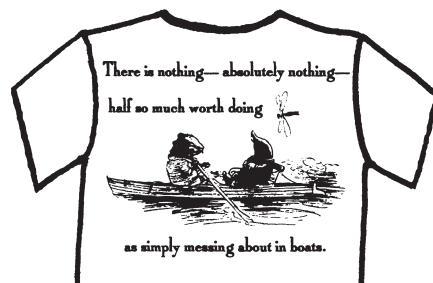
The second set looked doable but by this time we decided not to push our luck, since we were camping here tonight we chose to take out at the portage and grab the first site with the best view.

John and Brendan spent much of the afternoon fishing, catching two trout which were carefully returned to the water. We were thinking that we had the place entirely to ourselves, but at 4pm we heard French voices at the other end of the portage. Soon we were joined by a party of 20 young folks from Canada. They had ten plastic canoes and one 3hp Johnson outboard motor. They spent the evening playing in the rapids of the upper drop, having a good time. I was expecting

them to be partying all night but after dark they never made a sound. They turned out to be very good neighbors.

Saturday night was our final night on the river so I baked a cake in my BakePacker for our dessert. John and Brendan were fly fishing for more trout until dark when we turned in for the last time on this trip. Once again the raindrops on the tent put me to sleep right away.

I woke the Fitzgeralds at 6am Sunday and we had breakfast and our tents down and gear packed before 7:30am. We portaged through our neighbor's tenting area, they were all still sleeping, and put our canoes back into the Moose for our final leg back to the landing. As we arrived at the landing the rain stopped and we were able to stow our rain gear before loading the canoes on the Explorer. We drove south on US 201 in the bright sunshine for about five miles and we finally had our moose sighting, a cow and a calf grazing alongside the highway. Too soon we arrived back in Massachusetts and parted ways at the parking lot, promising to do more of these trips just as soon as possible.



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After yet another night of rain in my little Timberline tent, it felt good to hear it finally stop pelting on my rain fly. I was camped at Allagash Falls along the Allagash Wilderness Waterway in northern Maine. It was early May 2006 and I was cold and wet. But when I stuck my head out my tent door I wasn't all that happy any more, the rain had changed to snow and was coming down at a good clip. What was I doing here in sub-freezing temperatures all by myself? This trip was going to be an early bird special, a fun trip, beating the usual onslaught of bugs and tourists. But I was not quite ready for this.

Trying to beat everybody, canoeists and bugs alike, I had entered the park on the first day it opened on May 3, had driven over the Golden Road from Millinocket, Maine, and then the Telos Road (dirt) to the bridge between Telos and Chamberlain Lake and had pushed off from there for a six-day 123-mile venture north to the town of Allagash and beyond on the St. John River to Fort Kent.

This early in the season the Golden Road was everything but golden, it was full of potholes which, after days of rain, threatened to swallow my low-slung little VW Golf. The raised culverts in the last 25 miles

Early Bird On the Allagash

By Reinhard Zollitsch



The Maine Wilderness Waterway.

of dirt road, I felt, were also viciously reaching out for my muffler and anything else protruding from under the car's belly, or were trying to mar and scar the belly itself.

Each time we touched bottom, my wife Nancy winced, knowing that she would have to drive the 50 miles of these logging roads

back to Millinocket all by herself. But she assured me she had brought an extra blanket, water, some crackers, a shovel... and spring would have to come eventually, while I tried to convince her that the car would ride much higher without me, my boat, and my gear. Thanks, my dear. You are a brave woman! Helen Reddy, eat your heart out!

The put-in was swift. I made my X on the ranger check-in list and noticed I was the first one in the Park this year attempting to canoe the entire 95-mile stretch. The wilderness waterway was empty except for the rangers, of course, and a few fishermen in powerboats on the larger lakes.

As I pushed off, two veteran fishermen insisted I was headed in the wrong direction, they truly believed it, this was not a joke. I, however, always trust my charts, my compass, and in this case also my own memory from two previous trips (years ago) starting at this point. I do not let other people talk me out of what I think is right, nor do I tell them they are wrong. I just pushed. Poor guy, they must have thought. He'll be back, if he does not get lost doing so. I, for my part, wonder how their fish trip went.

I was sure I had to turn left under the bridge into the narrow river-like arm, swing right and then left. And all of a sudden there it was, the magnificent, wide open, 16-mile-long Apmoojenegamook, Chamberlain Lake, just where I thought it would be. The big lobed lake to the right of the put-in was not Chamberlain, but Telos Lake, Paytaywecomgomoc. Chamberlain was calm, a rare sight, and I was delighted and instantly crossed over to the north side where I would eventually find Lock Dam and the outlet stream into Eagle Lake. My first overnight site was on Pillsbury Island in Eagle Lake where Henry Thoreau had camped on July 28, 1857, on his famous trips through the Maine woods (see Henry David Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, Ticknor & Fields, 1864).

After a night filled with the varied calls of the northern loon and a myriad of peepers, thick fog greeted me that morning. Breakfast tasted great, though, since I do not mind navigating in fog. I had done plenty of that around Nova Scotia and along the Maine coast on past solo canoe trips. Ever so slowly the fog eventually wafted over the surrounding hills and mountains and it became quite pleasant on Eagle and Churchill Lake.

After a mercifully brief portage over Churchill dam I was having an early lunch stop when two rangers appeared and checked me out. With only one flood gate open they said they could open some additional gates to flush me down Chase Rapids, a six-mile rock garden to Bissonette Bridge. But 12:00 noon was their quitting time, just about now, and anyway, it would take the water quite some time to get down there. So they suggested I pitch my tent and continue my trip tomorrow, maybe around noon, not what I had planned.

Checking out the flow and the rocks from the first corner, I decided to go for it now. I had a nimble solo canoe and was used to maneuvering in whitewater. I only wished I had brought a Royalex instead of an old, brittle, fiberglass boat with all my gear in it.

It was marginal, a no-mistake situation, which had me all pumped up. I scraped a little here and there and had a number of close "Oh no!" situations. My advice is "please do not try this unless you are an expert," not with only one flood gate open, solo, and with all your gear in the boat, on the edge of winter.



Lonely put-in at Chamberlain Bridge.

Thoreau slept here on Pillsbury Island.



The whitewater run-off ended in an extensive lowland at Chisholm Brook where I hoped to watch moose from inside my tent. Tracks were everywhere but the moose must have been meeting at another mushy meadow.

Soon I was on a string of lakes again, Umsaskis Lake and Long Lake. At the narrows between the two lakes the American Realty Road crosses over. This spot would be a great put-in place for families who would like to avoid most of the whitewater as well as the often very windy bigger lakes. From here to Allagash is only 50 miles, half the distance, with all the real family fun yet to come. My wife and I did this trip in 1984 with our two younger kids being aged four and seven and still remember it fondly.

At the end of Long Lake is an old log dam which can be run real close to the left bank after careful scouting from that side. Only a few feet towards the center, though, are criss-crossed old logs and mighty spikes that could rip a boat open in no time. Starting a trip at Umsaskis, this is a great place to camp, take out on the right, just above the dam, and next morning put in below the dam, completely avoiding the thrills or spills of running the dam with all your gear. If you are not quite done for the day, Cunliffe Island could be fun to explore with youngsters who always need something extra to do while you relax with some good reading or bird watching.

Then comes a lovely remote-looking elbow into Round Pond. Look for moose in the lowlands just before the lake. Of the three arms, the left will get you there the quickest. I saw my second moose here, then pulled out at Outlet, with a hawk guarding his nest high up in the tall spruces. Five ravens were also enjoying the thermals, circling higher with each loop. More eerie loon yodels at dusk, an eight-hooter owl, and lots and lots of peepers, this being early spring.

The stretch straight north down the Musquacook Deadwater to Michaud Farm had just enough current to push me along and let me enjoy the remoteness of this region. As I see it, this is the essence of the Allagash Wilderness Waterway, not the often stormy big lakes, the bony whitewater, or the spectacular falls, but the quiet solitude and tranquility of the deep north woods. I enjoyed not seeing any other boat with its often exuberant but noisy passengers, not hearing any manmade noises, and not having to slap black flies or mosquitoes or see the world through a greenish no-see-em head net. This felt good, very good indeed, but I knew that for every exceptional moment in life there is hardship to endure down the line.

Before I reached the ranger station, I was back in Gore-Tex. I approached Allagash Falls very carefully on the right, took out and scouted the river to the rim of the Falls. Being a confident paddler and having done this before, I marked the second take-out just above the whitewater entrance to the Falls with a blue tarp and went for it. This is a no-mistake situation and you better know what you are doing and not miss the take-out, that would not be a pretty picture. Allagash Falls is a very rocky, fierce-looking 40' drop. If you have even the slightest doubt about making this last-minute take-out, go for the standard, longer portage! Two people carrying a canoe would be a cinch compared to doing it solo. Since portaging is hard on me, I usually cut it down to the barest minimum. But I am not saying you should do it.



Early morning



On the edge winter on Eagle Lake.

Log dam at outlet of Long Lake.





Quiet solitude and tranquility on Musquacook Deadwater.



Spectacular Allagash Falls.

Camped along the St. John River at St. Francis.



It felt real good being back in my boat again, paddling, and letting the fast run-off push me along to Allagash proper. The town looked wet, gray, and forlorn and passed by me in a wink as I flushed into the mighty St. John River. It is distinctly larger, flowing with much more urgency. But I always liked this remote stretch with its wonderful grand vistas from here to Fort Kent. The occasional short whitewater stretches were all of the straight-forward, bouncy, fun type of waves where I stay right in the middle and enjoy the ride.

At St. Francis, just before the confluence with the Canadian Meduxnekeag River (there also is a namesake near Houlton, Maine), my distance was up again and I lucked out in finding a nice level grassy spot for my tent near the river's edge. Higher up the field towards the road was a picnic area with outhouse. I even got most of my wet gear dry.

The night started very windy but eventually calmed while the temperatures dropped. The local weatherman reported 24 degrees for the early morning hours, which I could believe as it was definitely a tad too cold for spring camping. My tent and boat were covered in heavy hoarfrost, so were the fields and shrubs around me. My stove worked even harder and longer to warm my one cup of water for coffee and it felt good.

This was going to be my last day on the river and I was eager to get to Fort Kent and my high noon rendezvous with Nancy. My only objection to this last stretch of the river is the four-mile section above the International Bridge in Fort Kent. From Kennedy Island to there I saw more than 50 compressed old cars dumped over the edge, maybe as a way to shore up the banks and prevent river erosion? This is an environmental disaster and a visual offense. By the way, I had noticed the same despicable practice in a few other places along the St. John River all the way to Florenceville (on previous canoe trips) as well as on a few other rivers in our northwoods in Maine. I told myself that I would mention it to the town manager and the environmental board of Fort Kent this time and not let it go by as I did when I paddled this stretch a number of years ago.

After slipping under the customs bridge that connects the U.S. and Canada I had to paddle hard against the fast current up the Fish River to the old blockhouse fort. Nancy had beaten me by a few minutes, driving up from Orono. But since the area was flooded out and the road down to the landing blocked off, we opted to take out at the new river park just below the confluence.

And this is how my early bird trip ended: 123 miles in six days, not to mention the 600 miles of car shuttle with a second driver, for which I am again very grateful. Thanks Nancy!

The pickup in Fort Kent





Hardy's Journal

Thursday, September 2. Left Bangor, Maine at 7:00 a.m. and arrived at Greenville at 11:00 p.m. after a tedious ride of 16 hours.

Friday, September 3. Took passage on the steamboat for Kineo; there were on board, beside Leonard (2) and myself, a gentleman from Dorchester and Charles Prescott from Bangor. Reached Kineo at 11:00 a.m. The sea (Moosehead Lake. Ed.) was very high. After waiting some time for the wind to abate and finding that it continued to increase, we loaded our canoe stripped to our shirts and pants and dashed out into the worst of it. There were all the boarders at the house looking to see us go. The water flew over us a good deal so that we got quite wet.

After passing Kineo about 3 miles we saw a canoe on the shore and in going to it we saw two men bareheaded and footed lying on the gravel beach. All their spare clothes were hung on trees to dry. They proved to be David Hellier and Charles Hale, who had been exploring to Chesuncook. As the sun went down the gale increased, the sky looked dark as night with numerous yellow streaks like northern lights. I never saw it look so wild before. Just dark it began to rain so that we were obliged to camp in a very poor place. Leonard played the flute and accordion.

Saturday, September 4. Cleared off this morning and we crossed to the carry [i.e., Northeast Carry between Moosehead Lake and the West Branch of the Penobscot River], sacked our things across in two and a half turns; the carry is 2 miles and our things weighed not less than 300 lbs. Went down the West Branch at 2:00 p.m. with Bill Strickland and 2 others. I never saw so beautiful reflections of trees in the water as I witnessed today. The colors were perfectly distinct even to the delicate tints of the changing

Notes of a Trip to Tobique in 1858 (1)

By Manly Hardy

Submitted by Dick Winslow

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The Journal is reprinted verbatim with relevant notes and sidebars. This makes for a rather long and somewhat scholarly article but I felt presenting it this way in its entirety was most evocative of the ambiance of a time 150 years ago when getting around in wilderness and semi-wilderness areas "on business" was best accomplished in small boats.

leaves. Every knot or bunch of moss or the bunches of berries were distinctly visible. Camped at the foot of Moose Horn Deadwater in company with Strickland and his men and Ace [Asa] Fox. (3)

Sunday, September 5. Rained last night. The others have gone exploring; Leonard and I are in camp; I have been reading Pilgrim's Progress, L. [Leonard] has been playing the flute. I have been thinking of my classes at the river and at Whiting's Hill (4). We are camped in a most beautiful spot among the tall river maples and yellow birches. The explorers came in just before dark; they were suddenly

taken with a very devotional fit and sang Beloni and other psalm tunes while Leonard accompanied them with his flute. Just dark their religious fever left them and Fox and Mitchell went down river to hunt moose.

Monday, September 6. The hunters came back just daylight having been unsuccessful, Fox swearing because he did not fire at some ducks for fear of scaring moose and vowing that the next time that he went out to hunt "He would be like hell take all that came along ducks, muskrat and moose." This speech reminds me of what a Frenchman said to me at the Northwest Carry "If you shall carry such heavy loads you shall be crooked like General Jackson - Old John Bunyan I mean," evidently referring to the picture of Christian with the burden on his back. In running Pine Stream Falls our canoe struck side to and threw me against the gunwale with great force, hurting my hip very severely.

We reached the head of Chesuncook Lake at about 10:00 a.m., stopped a few moments at Walker's. Old Katahdin loomed up in the south looking like an old friend rising up to welcome us back. We met Staples here and he went across the lake to get some things and then was to come over and meet US (5). We crossed the head of the lake and entered the mouth of the Caucomgomoc. After going up it a short distance we turned into the Umbezuxus (or Meadow Brook). The stream is deadwater most of the way and very crooked, its banks being flat meadow lands extending quite a distance on either side. On account of the water being low we were obliged to carry half a mile. On the carry I shot 6 partridges and Hiram shot one.

Staples overtook us here; there was also a canoe came with him containing two French hunters, one of them named Joe Goodblood. The stream above the carry is swifter with some rocks; we had quite a

merry time going up for a few miles, now stopping to gather chokecherries which grow abundantly and now dashing up the stream making the water whirl behind us as we stood up and exerted all our strength. We reached Umbezuxus Lake between 3:00 and 4:00 p.m. and crossed the foot of it in a very heavy sea.

This brought us to the much talked of Mud Pond Carry. This carry is 2 miles long and is probably the worst carry for the distance in the state. It passes through a juniper and spruce bog and the mud and water for the most of the way is from 12 to 13 inches deep; there is a clearing near the lake and a deserted house and barn, the latter surmounted by a pair of moose horns. Here our lugging bands were put in use and we commenced carrying, now slipping off from the poles laid to walk on and now splashing in the mud and water. Just dark we had by dint of hard labor got our plunder half way across. We camped here but had hard work to find a place large enough for two men to sleep on which was not either full of rocks or covered with mud and water. Our water to drink and cook with had to be dipped a few spoonfuls at a time from holes in the path and was the color of brandy.

Tuesday September 7. Rose early and finished carrying. We were now at Mud Pond, a pond of about 1¼ miles in diameter, nearly circular, the water very shoal and covered to a great extent with lily leaves which makes it a great feeding ground for moose. After crossing, we were obliged to carry 1/2 mile as the water was too low to run a load. Two miles from the pond most of it through low flowed land covered with dead trees brought us to Chamberlain Lake, Appomajenesomock as the Indians call it which means a lake outletting upon the side [Hardy had close association with Indians since childhood, and knew many Indian place-names]. This lake is 12 miles long and from 2 to 3 miles wide. We crossed over to the Chamberlain Farm 2½ miles. Here we found Pial [Paul] Antwine Tomah who is to be our companion on the voyage. He is camping with a St. Francis Indian near the farm (7).

We dined with them, had plenty of dried moosemeat and fat hanging over the fire. We bought another canoe here. The Chamberlain farm contains about 300 acres of clearing, and 50 of felled timber; the smaller farms at Eagle Lake and Telos are included in this estimate. It is owned by Pingree and Coe and is at present conducted by a young man by the name of Fogg who is quite polite and showed us more attention than could have been expected (8). They have this year pressed 40 tons of hay. They are however very deficient in proper tools such as a with-twister, a more modern haypress, etc. There is a store connected with the farm where provisions and camp tools, axes, clothing suitable for the woods, etc. may be had by paying twice what they are worth which is sometimes quite an accommodation. Flour is 8 cents per pound, potatoes \$1 a bushel, molasses, common, \$1, salt 3 cents a pound, tobacco forty cents a pound, needles and pipes two cents each.

Wednesday, September 8. Camped with the Indian last night; this morning the wind is high. Staples is sick. Pial and I went to work on a canoe taking out the knees and lining; the other Indian has been tanning moosehides. Started in a very bad sideward to go to Eagle Lake. We had to go bareheaded; I did not have a hat on for 2 hours. I was wet to the

skin; part of the way I never saw the sea much worse. We carried by two dams or locks, one at Chamberlain and the other at the head of Eagle Lake which are only a short distance apart. We ran down Eagle and camped near Smith Brook. Just after dark we heard someone landing and in answer to our "queh" someone in the dark said "Bon soir, Monsieur." They proved to be two Frenchmen from Madawaska. They were after moose, tuladi (togue) and white fish. They camped with us and furnished some fine trout as their part of the breakfast.

Thursday September 9. Went up Smith Brook today; it rained most of the day. We started to go to a pond called Haymock, after the horns of a moose which Pial had killed. We had to wade and sack our canoe a good deal and after being gone most of the day had to come back without the horns. This is the worst brook I ever saw; we got some chubs and some nice white lilies and set three traps for muskrat.

Friday September 10. Leonard's flute made the woods and waters resound with the tunes of Nellie Gray, The Irish Washerwoman, etc. We caught a muskrat and had to paddle 6 miles to get some things that we left yesterday. We have been waiting for Bill and Pial till we are tired. Joe Obamsawin came to our camp just noon and ate dinner. After dinner we started in company with him for Chamberlain [Lake], leaving the tent standing with our things in it. We paddled to the locks where we left our canoe. I shot 2 sheldrake [mergansers] one with ball. We footed it 3 miles in a rainstorm to the farm. I shot a partridge going up. Found William still sick.

Saturday, September 11. Had a great time last night seeing the Indians dance the scalp dance. Pial tied up his hair and trimmed it in maple leaves, took a large sheath knife in his hand and commenced to dance, keeping time to the chanting of another Indian who also beat upon a tin plate. He occasionally made a kind of response to the song. The singing grew louder and louder, Pial's movements grew more furious, his eyes glared and he fairly foamed at the mouth as he whirled round and round cutting and slashing in all directions. His movements continued to increase in violence till at last he was forced to cease from sheer exhaustion. They also sang very well in French.

It rains today and Staples is sicker than ever. Things look very dark concerning our journey but God is above and overrules all things for good. 12:30 p.m. - Pial and Leonard have gone to Braley Brook after things Staples left. It rains hard and thunders. I have been studying a little in a book called Alnambey Uli Awickigan or Indian Good Book. I have also learned a few French words at the same time making partridge broth for Staples.

Sunday, September 12. Leonard returned last night about 10 o'clock. He had a narrow escape from being shot with his pistol while landing in the dark (9). Today it has rained and blowed by turns but now at 5:00 p.m. quite bright.

Monday, September 13. Started this morning, Pial in the small canoe carrying William, Leonard and I on foot till we got to the head of Eagle Lake where our canoe was, where we took in William and proceeded down the lake. The wind was ahead and the sea running high. Cooked at Smith Brook; we saw a canoe and a pirogue [large canoe-like

watercraft] in the thoroughfare between Eagle and Churchill Lakes. Ate supper in a beautiful place where the Indians had been building canoes. It was dark when we started again. I set fire to a large heap of cedar shavings which lighted us some distance on our way.

I never saw so wild and strange a sight as I witnessed tonight. In the south was the new moon now about half grown and having a peculiarly red and bloody look; in the west was a comet, seen by us for the first time tonight with its tail leaving a long train of lurid light across the sky; in the north the aurora borealis shot its long trembling flickering spears of light; the stars shone brightly leaving their shimmery paths on the tremulous waters. Meteors frequently shot across the sky. Added to this we were just entering a large lake unknown to me. A bull moose was calling on one side of the inlet and an owl was hooting on the other. A heron and some ducks which we disturbed went quacking off and the fish and muskrats kept splashing continually in the tall reeds. Altogether it was the strangest combination of sights and sounds I ever heard.

Passing Churchill Lake we entered the outlet; everything here was dim and indistinct from the fog which rose from the water. Pial went ahead and as I watched the northern lights which now lay directly in our path, made more lurid and unearthly by the mist which arose between us and it marked the canoe of Pial guided noiselessly. I thought it was a good picture of the mouth of Avernus and that Pial could get a chance with Charon when passengers were plenty, say in cholera times for instance. We kept on our way through the gloom till the roaring of the water warned us that we were near the dam where we intended to camp. It was now nine o'clock.

We made an entrance into a house which had been built when the dam was, through one of the windows. In doing this my feet slipped and my poncho was drawn so tightly as entirely to confine my arms, leaving me suspended like Mahomet's coffin between the heaven and the earth, my head touching the floor and my heels sticking skyward. Finally a light was struck and I was released. We then lay on the floor till daylight.

Tuesday, September 14. Very hard frost last night. Pial caught a mess of chubs. While Leonard and Bill were getting breakfast we went across the stream and found an abundance of fine blueberries of which we picked 3 quarts. After breakfast we picked half a bushel of blueberries. We carried three quarters of a mile and ran down seven when we came to Long Lake. This lake is about 14 miles long by from one-half to one mile in width. We saw 2 mink and about 20 muskrat; I shot two muskrats. We camped after dark near Cary's Depot on an old camping ground. A great many moose bones and many pairs of horns lay scattered around (10).

Wednesday, September 15. Entered the main Allagash this morning. The name Allagash is from Allagash que wagwam meaning bark camp stream. Going down stream we started 2 moose that were standing on the bank. Leonard and Pial followed them [for] 1½ hours and killed a fine old bull about a mile and a half from the river. He had a pair of 10 pronged horns; we took about 30 pounds of meat, the marrow and hide.

Thursday September 16. Camped last night at the mouth of Musquacook or White Birch Stream. Pial and I went out to spear fish by torchlight; we speared about three

suckers and a turtle. Our camp presented a great array of cooking tools and eatables. Moose meat was roasted, fried and stewed, marrow dried out and salted down for butter. Today we ran down to the Allagash Falls before noon. At the portage we met 5 men and 2 pirogues. Commenced raining at 12:00 p.m. We cooked and ate in a tough rain storm. It has continued all day and is probably the line gale. Reached the main St. John about 5:00 p.m.; ran Negro Rapids where Braley's 5 men were drowned, at just dark and camped just below.

Friday September 17. Camped last night 1 mile below the mouth of the Allagash; we had a hard time as our bedding and all our things were wet. It rains this morning. We were visited by a white man in a pirogue who says he has been here 23 years; I believe his name is Harford. We loaded at 9:00 a.m. and proceeded on our way. We had 5 hard showers. The running was good and we had a fine time picking beech plums. Passed Fish River at 3:00 p.m. There were great quantities of buckwheat and oats cut and exposed to the storm.

The country near the river is very broken rising into high hills on both sides of the river. The hills run parallel with the river; the tops of the hills where the fires have not ravaged are covered with growth, mostly hard wood. We ran some miles after dark, the night was cold and the running of a strange river was not over-safe in the dark. Saw the lights of Madawaska at 8:00 p.m. Had a hard time camping as the country is cleared and wood scarce; we found some old stump piles to burn.

Saturday September 18. Found this morning that we camped last night in a cart road on the edge of a field of buckwheat which had been cut. The country here spreads out into broad intervals of rich dark soil called Madawaska Flats; the soil is very productive in oats and buckwheat. Madawaska is 50 miles below the mouth of the Allagash, 20 below Ft. Kent, and 23 above Grand River, 35 above Grand Falls. It is a small town on a stream of the same name which is the outlet of Tuladi or Togue Lake. It is overlooked by an old stone fort pierced with 16 portholes. The fort is square about 20 ft. high. Has square bars of iron set corner-wise in the portholes. It has a tall tower in the middle and is covered with a kind of cement composed of lime and gravel; was probably built by the French in the old Indian wars.

We bought supplies at Emerson's, 1 barrel of the worst flour I hope ever to see, 44 1/4 pounds of maple sugar, 20 of rice, 30 of corn meal. The water in consequence of the recent rains has been rising fast today. I wrote a letter to mother and one to H. B. Chamberlain [perhaps Horace Chamberlain, brother of Hardy's friend, Joshua L. Chamberlain].

Our camp was visited by French, Indians and Irish. One old Irishwoman who seemed to have been in close communication with the spirits (probably the ardent) discoursed as follows: "And is it to the Rastagouche [i.e., Restigouche River] ye are going, boys. Faith and would the Lord I was there. 'Tis there ye will see the sables and the beavers on the banks and the salmon will just cock up their tails and laugh at ye as ye pass but it is in the Waangun the ye will have hard times. It is no lie that I am tellin' ye. It's siven long miles that ye will just have to pull yer boats through the alders. My word for it ye will think of Mrs. Murphy. The first man that

ye come to is Ben Merrill, and he is a Yankee and will treat ye well if ye tell him it was Mrs. Murphy sent ye. The next man is Mr. Chain; he is a Scotchman and will treat ye well and no thanks to him for he is paid 50 pounds by goverment for it. When ye see him tell him Mrs. Murphy sent her regards to him. Good gentlemen would ye give a cake to a poor motherless girl (pointing to one which came with her). It's not for meself I'm askin' it."

We gave the girl a biscuit and some maple sugar at which the old lady seemed greatly pleased. When we had loaded our canoes and were starting she took Leonard by the hand, bid him good-bye and stood with tearful eyes watching our departure. If she had shed tears enough she would have had a clean face. As it was, it only got washed in streaks.

We proceeded on our way leaving our weeping Dido. It was late when we started and we went mile after mile looking in vain for a place to camp as it grew dark and looked like rain. I landed at the French houses and inquired but without success. Piau hailed in English, French, and Indian with like results. At 8:00 p.m. we were forced by a severe rain shower to land and carry our things up a steep bank 40 or 50 feet high and camp in an alder swamp.

Sunday, September 19. The sun rose brightly but we rose so late that it was 11:00 a.m. before we breakfasted. The scenery here is beautiful. I look on the broad bosom of the St. John as it glides through its fertile banks and among its green islands.

Monday, September 20. Rained last night. We went down 1 mile and started to ascend the Grand River; the river is small but very swift and rocky. We went up to a bridge on the main road and went to make inquiries. I went down the St. John's and procured a pirogue and crossed to find a Frenchman named Augustus Wilet. Found another who had been to the Rastagouche. He gave a very discouraging account of the place.

Tuesday September 21. Last night after a long consultation we concluded to go to Tobique about 125 miles from here, so we ran down to the mouth of Grand River and camped in a most grassy place shaded by large elms. It commenced raining in the night accompanied by very severe lightning. The flashes of lightning were almost blinding to us as we lay in an open fronted tent. One instant it was blacker than Egyptian darkness, the next we could distinctly see every branch of the tall trees around us. Finally it got past enduring and we were obliged to cover our heads under the blanket although we were fearing every moment it would strike our tent as we had so many guns in it.

This morning it commenced to rain and we started at 7:00 a.m. for Tobique. We reached the Grand Falls at Sault at 10:30 a.m. Distance 16 miles; we floated our canoes onto a team like a truck which backed into the water and had them hauled with the loads in down to the basin below the falls a mile distant. The rain which had almost ceased now fell in torrents. In spite of the rain in company with L. and Staples I went back to view the falls. The English government are [sic] building a suspension bridge here across the falls which are [sic] 100 ft. in depth. The abutments are finished and a temporary foot-way suspended on wires said to be capable of sustaining 15 tons (I doubt it) has been thrown across. It is 130 ft. above the water

very narrow and rickety; I crossed on it (11). The wind which was blowing a gale caused it to vibrate so that between the up and down and the sidewise motion it was hard to walk.

We had all been for weeks in rough water and thought that nothing could turn our heads but found Jordan a hard road to travel. We dined in a thunderstorm standing on the beach below the falls. Dinner consisted of maple sugar and bread; water enough fell on it as we conveyed it to our mouths to answer all purposes of drink which was very convenient. The water for a mile or more below the falls comes up to the surface in large whirls and boils making a canoe steer very hard. The banks are abrupt and wooded. The river here has a rise of many feet in freshets. There are few settlers, though I saw one charming residence on the northeast bank, until near the mouth of the Aroostook.

We stopped for the night a mile above the mouth of Tobique on the opposite side. The day has been a succession of thunder storms overlapping each other considerably like old Dr. Hewett's colds. It rained hard when we landed and as the ground and boughs were dripping wet it was very uncomfortable camping. Piau concluded that he could do better down to the Indian village though the ostensible reason was that he had cousins there as Yuseph used to say.

Wednesday September 22. Rained all night; between smoke and rain we found our camp rather unpleasant. Some English boys came and sold us eggs at 12 1/2 cts. per doz. and potatoes at 50 cents per bushel. Wild geese have been flying some days. I went back after game but found none. Saw a great many butternut trees near the river. It has rained almost all day.

Thursday September 23. Camped in the same place; started this morning to ascend the Tobique. The water was very strong at the mouth, partly on account of the freshet. At about a mile from the mouth are the famous Tobique Narrows; here the river is compressed into a narrow passage between high cliffs which rise to the height of 75 ft. at least; rough, black and overhanging. The water is deep and black and boils and whirls furiously. The rocks which overhang it seem to be a kind of coarse slate with seams of gypsum. We hired a man to pole by one of the hardest pitches; he was one of the finest specimens of a man as I ever saw. We gave him 50 cents.

We cordelled [roped our canoes?] about 1 mile and then portaged our load 1/2 mile; Piau and Hiram poled the boats by. The scenery in the canyon is very wild and picturesque. We found the poling better than we expected. We came about nine miles; camped in a beautiful spot overhung by spreading elms and ashes. The moonlight drew beautiful pictures on the leafy branches above us as it shone through the tent.

Friday September 24. Rained last night and still continues. The scenery on this river is beautiful; on the left bank is a high ridge of burnt land looking red and wild; on the right hand part of the way is a beautiful interval and the rest of the way steep overhanging cliffs at whose base the deep dark water whirls and eddies. Passed the Red Rapids just before noon. Eat dinner in a severe rain; camped among some tall firs opposite a settler named Hutchison. He has fine farming land and is building a new house; bought potatoes at 50 cents.

Saturday September 25. Started at 9:30 a.m. Spoiled one of my boots by burning it. Saw flocks of sea coots. Reached Three Brooks at 1:00 p.m. Shot a black sea coot. There are a great many ledges of red and white plaster [limestone], some in layers with other rock between. The stream seems to be growing wider every year as the banks slide down every spring bringing the trees with the earth. Saw our first moose tracks today; camped on the west bank just below Long Island about 14 miles above Three Brooks.

Sunday, September 26. Beautiful day; we lay still all day. I read much in *Pilgrim's Progress*; I finished the first part. A large bear swam the stream just above us. He stopped and looked at us, then started to the blueberry ground. Two explorers called, one from Messardis named Charles Clayton. They were bound for Gulquock [probably Gulquac River, a tributary of the Tobique].

Monday September 27. It is a fine morning; we camped about five miles above Gulquack. Saw a great many ox tracks, also our first beaver cuttings. Pial set 3 traps at night.

Tuesday September 28. Hard frost last night and the ash trees look as if killed by fire. Yesterday I noticed our common yarrow also a kind of daisy, a great many harebells and some asters. This morning the small spruce bushes on the burned land on which we camped were covered with most delicate and beautiful spiders webs. Poling today was very hard. We met two canoes of Indians from Bathurst. They had been gone a month; had 3 canoes but had worn one through on the gravel beds and left it. They represent the way as very hard especially for canoes loaded as ours.

The water was so strong that the canoe trembled all over. Sometimes we scarcely gained an inch. We saw 2 mink and just before dark I heard a bull grunt; Pial and I paddled up when he came out within 6 rods. Pial fired 2 bullets 11 to the pound ["11 bullets to a pound" refers to the bullet size] into him but he went off, his great horns making the trees crack as he plunged through them; we followed and found blood. We shall follow tomorrow. We camped where we fired at him a little below the forks. I guess there was hardly ever a more tired crew. We heard a bull and cow answering.

Wednesday September 29. Fine morning and the tall balm-of-Gilead or sycamores among which we are camped give out a reviving odor. We are all going moose hunting as we are too lame to pole or paddle. Our camp presented an unusually active appearance - bullets were run [i.e., lead melted and poured into a mold], hatchets and knives placed in belts fringed, bullet pouches and powder horns slung and rifles tossed upon shoulders used to the burden and we were off, Pial and I to follow the wounded bull, Leonard and Staples to hunt on the East Branch. We returned at night unsuccessful except for 5 partridges.

Our bull bled for quarter of a mile; we followed him 6 miles, saw signs of bear and sable. Pial came near being shot by the accidental discharge of his 2 shooter while leaning against it (12). He had two ounce and a half balls shot by his breast so as to black[en] his red shirt for several inches. I observed a kind of delicate brake (maiden hair fern) entirely new to me, also great quantities of Canada snakeroot. I am much troubled with rheumatism so I lie awake o' nights and look

out upon the darkness to see the trunks of the trees dimly defined looking with their shadowy arms like Ossian's ghost. Then I think of Dr. Kane and how he suffered from the same cause and like Paul (the only thing in which I resemble him) wish for the day.

Thursday September 30. Reached the Forks at noon. This is the confluence of the Little Tobique and the East Branch; the two streams come in exactly opposite each other and at right angles with the river below. There is a deep basin here which abounds in trout; we caught 4 fine ones; I also shot a partridge. If I were to be drowned I would choose this place before any other I ever saw even if I had to walk all the way. We ascended the left branch about 7 miles; part of the way strong water full of deep holes and part sandy bottom running through alder ground called the Tobique deadwater, which if translated means water running six miles an hour. We camped with a timber making crew in a perdu.

Friday October 1. The crew with whom we camped is the only one in the vicinity; it is 32 miles to the head of Tobique. The men were glad to see us and treated us very kindly. I found here a Harper and a number of the *Spectator* published at Portland, Oregon (40 miles from the settlement). Went out to explore while P. and L. shod the canoe. Went back about 4 miles, found 4 ponds, shot 2 muskrats. We shod the canoe with cedar to prevent it from being cut through by the gravel; the three pieces were 18 inches wide in the middle and tapered to a point at the bow where the two side ones were placed under the middle one which was bent over and the bow and confined there (13).

We started at 9:00 a.m. At about 4:00 p.m. while poling over a pitch, Staples broke his pole. The next instant the canoe swamped and we were in the swift water. Staples was under water some time. I was pressed under by the canoe and in this situation carried some distance and landed on a gravel bed with both arms confined and only my mouth out. The other canoe seeing our condition came to the rescue. On righting the canoe we found most of the load was in it, having been confined by the tent which was tucked in around it. My gun and Staples', my poncho and bullet pouch and a few other articles were missing. After a good deal of trouble everything was fished up but my bullet pouch and a sponge. I was very sorry to lose my bullet bag as it was one I got of a St. Francis Indian and contained a good many things hard to replace here. We were thoroughly chilled, wading so much, carrying the things ashore. I chopped wood as long as I could then stood by the fire and dried my clothes on.

Saturday October 2. Had no rheumatism last night. It commenced raining last night and has rained and snowed all day. Our camp has presented quite a lively appearance. I have been making a Pichenungan [Hardy probably meant "pitsonungan," or "long pocket"]; Pial made 3 axe handles and a swab stick. L. ran bullets. Last night we went out with a torch and searched for the missing articles but were unsuccessful.

Sunday, October 3. It has cleared off finely. We were awakened by a partridge quitting just above the tent and he has been drumming for hours close by. Our wet clothes and other plunder spread out to dry make as great a display as the goods of the Trojans. This is the third time I have upset in a canoe and I have come very near to death a great many times in various ways.

Monday October 4. Rained last night and has rained all day. I have fried potatoes for dinner in the cold rain. L. shot 5 partridges.

Tuesday October 5. It was clear last night but commenced to rain this morning; has rained considerably today. It has blown as hard as I ever want to see it, making the tall spruces bend and twist fearfully. The stream is the worst and crookedest I ever saw. Today I split my carved paddle, which I value highly, in going over a pitch and broke a canoe bar on another. Pial lost a hat worth three dollars while cutting a jam. We have been now for almost two weeks poling up a rapid stream which ever seems to recede ("Oh when shall I see the dusky lake"). If our friends at home could look down upon us they would scarcely recognize us, worn down by hard labor and contending with wind and current.

Wednesday October 6. Cold and blows hard; camped last night below Cedar Brook. We have had a hard time today, wading in the cold water; the river is very shallow; we came near being swamped by Staples breaking his pole. I shot a partridge at about 10:00 a.m. At a little before noon we saw the long expected lake [Nictau Lake] (14). It is between 3 and 4 miles long [Big and Little Nictau lakes, along their east-west axis, are approximately 3.7 miles long]. The waters are clear and it is surrounded by high hills covered with a mixed fir, spruce, and hardwood mostly white birch. I shot a spruce partridge. Staples and I cut wood and fixed up camping. Pial and Leonard went to hunt but got only 2 partridges.

Thursday October 7. Rose before light; crossed the lake to ascend Bald Mountain which is on the east [south] side and I should judge is 2,000 ft. high above the lake (15). Our company presented a novel appearance. Staples led the way with an otter trap in one hand, a rifle in the other, his axe in his belt. Next came Leonard with his limbs encased in a suit of Canada gray with his 6 shooting rifle and a double headed axe in his belt; then Pial and I in our hunting shirts each bearing a rifle and ammunition bag (16). We found plenty of mountain cranberries also green blueberries. We found snow three inches deep and some caribou tracks. The mountain is covered with stunted firs and birches except on the north side where the rock is bare. We had a fine view of mountains and forest. It was grand but lonesome to look for miles on miles away, and see range behind range of wooded hills and not a speck of water except the two small lakes at our feet and the extremity of the upper Bathurst Lake.

Staples and I went 3 miles to the southwest to try and find beaver. I shot three drummers [partridge or ruffed grouse]; we found beaver houses and dams but all were deserted. We found Leonard at the camp; he had killed a duck and a partridge. He had left Pial to follow a moose. Night came but Pial came not. I fired but there was no answer but the long and oft repeated echo as it rolled among the hills.

Friday October 8. Rained last night. We did not get breakfast till 8:00 a.m. Just before breakfast Pial came in having followed a moose and had to lay out 3 miles from camp.

Saturday October 9. Pleasant although we had a few showers. Staples and I went up the lake setting traps; we set twenty wooden and 5 steel ones for various kinds of game. I shot 4 partridges. Pial and L. hunted moose; got nothing but 2 partridges.

Sunday, October 10. Has rained, hailed and snowed all day. Bald Mountain has been covered with snow for some days. Pial, contrary to my advice, went out and shot 5 ducks.

Monday, October 11. Went up to Spring Lake which is only 40 rods above Nictar; there is also a portage. We set 17 traps. Pial and Leonard have gone to Bathurst to be back the 20. It hailed and snowed I shot a coot and got 2 mink.

Tuesday October 12. Went trapping; took out a beaver, an otter, a mink and a muskrat. The tail of this [beaver] was 10-1/2 inches by 5. We had very cold weather and nothing to eat but meat and sour flour.

Wednesday October 13. Cold, cold morning. Spring Lake froze over. Spent most of the day skinning game and stretching.

Thursday, October 14. Rained last night at which time I ate my first beaver meat (except beaver tail of which I had eaten some years previously); I liked it much. It has rained all day. We did not get into camp till 7:00 p.m. Had a hard time to get a fire. I shot a wild goose. We set 1 otter and 3 fisher traps.

Friday, October 15. Rained last night. We are at 7:30 a.m. cooking beaver tails and getting ready to go down stream. Rained most of the day. We set 5 otter and 15 mink traps. Shot a partridge. I felled a tree upon the tent.

Saturday October 16. Snows some today. We came down to Cedar Brook (17). Set one fisher, 1 sable, 3 otter, and 15 mink traps.

Sunday, October 17. Camped below Cedar Brook. It made ice 1/4 in. thick. It has cleared off finely and been pleasant.

Monday, October 18. Rose at 4:00 a.m. Went out on old Ambrose Bear's line as soon as I could and baited 10 traps. Set 4 killeags [log deadfalls set on slides made by river otters] and 16 mink traps. Shot a partridge just night. Saw 2 moose cross the water, a cow and calf; the case being on my rifle prevented me from firing. Did not camp till about 8:00 p.m. Lay down at 11:00 p.m. after 19 hours work.

Tuesday October 19. Splendid day; took out a mink and a sable; also recovered a setting [or canoe] pole which was taken away from Staples coming down. Caught some trout; reached the small lake at sunset. There were 6 separate flocks of wild geese feeding at the entrance but we scared one. We were going to land quietly and wait till dark hoping to kill some of them but soon we heard rifles crack which scared them. They rose one flock after another, their loud clamor echoing among the hills. We were somewhat perplexed to tell who it was that had fired as we were 75 miles from the nearest house. Presently we heard a growl and saw Pial and L. who had returned before their time. Their arrival was quite opportune as we had no meat but one partridge and they brought packs of moose and beaver meat. They have been gone 10 days and have killed 2 moose, 2 beaver, 5 mink. Tonight we had quite a feast.

Wednesday, October 20. Staples goes to look traps; Pial stays to skin game; L. and I go to Bathurst [Nepisiquit] Lakes to fish (18). The day has been fine. We crossed the lake all in one canoe after wild geese but were unsuccessful. I never saw such a nondescript set in one canoe before. We found a pair of moose horns; I shot 2 partridges. The portage to Bathurst is from 3 to 4 miles. The Upper Lake [Bathurst Lake] is about 2 1/2 miles long, then a thoroughfare of 2 rods, then another lake 1 1/2 or 2 miles long [Camp

Lake], then a stream 2 rods, then a lake 1 mile [Teneriffe Lake], stream 20 rods, and another lake 3 miles [Nepisiquit Deadwater]. The scenery around the lake is fine. We were quite successful fishing. We caught 18 trout which will average a pound apiece, 2 were 18 inches long. Pial speared 2 muskrats and Staples caught an otter. We took a loup-cervier [Canada lynx (*Lynx canadensis*)] out of a bear trap.

Thursday October 21. Packed up to go down stream. Pial went to Bathurst. We were very heavily loaded. I never saw a canoe loaded so before. I shot 2 partridges. We camped 3 miles below the lake.

Friday October 22. Very cold day; ran down to Cedar Brook; took out two minks. Rainy. Ran down to the lumber camp 8 miles from the forks. The men had moved to a new camp to a lake on Sisson Branch. We stopped some time. Hiram stopped all night. Bill and I went back to skin and stretch a beaver which we killed on the way down.

Sunday [Saturday], October 23. Fine day; stayed at the lumber camp all day. Men came over to see us at noon.

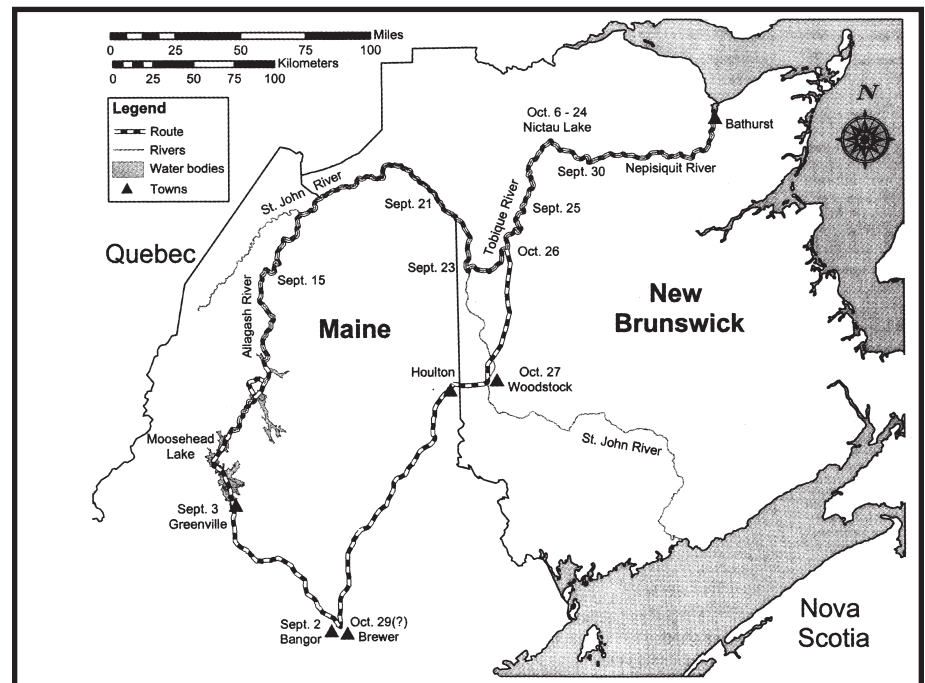
Monday [Sunday], October 24. Borrowed a pirogue. Bid Staples adieu and started for home. The day is very cold and our boat leaked. Our paddles were all ice and that in the canoe scarcely melted all day (19).

We came about 40 miles and camped just above Long Island in the same place where Lane and Leonard camped twice last year. The moonlight dancing on the clear waters of Tobique was beautiful.

Monday October 25. Rose early, day fine but cold. Kept on our way; reached the settlement at 9:00 a.m., passed Red Rapids at 12:00 p.m., ran the narrows at 4:30 p.m. The stream here is very wild and the black jagged rocks rose high above us as we dashed through the wild whirling waters. Stopped at Newcomb's; there was a great deal of drinking and noise followed by a discussion of politics and religion.

Tuesday October 26. Loafed all day. Rode two miles up river. Clayton's teams and crew arrived just dark. A very quiet orderly set of men.

Wednesday October 27. Started at 8:00 p.m. last night and rode until 6:30 a.m. when we reached Woodstock, [New Brunswick] 50 miles distant. Fare \$3. Here I saw Dudley and Charles Johnston. Breakfasted at the Blanchard House took Bussel's stage for Houlton [ME] and arrived at 11:30 a.m., distance 12 miles, fare 75 cents. I hope to reach Mattawamkeag tomorrow and the next day home. How many associations cluster around that little word. Home Sweet Home. O, I hope I shall find it as I left it (20).



About the Journalist

Manly Hardy (1832-1910): *The Life and Writing of a Maine Fur-Buyer, Hunter, and Naturalist* by William B. Krohn. 2005. 343pp. Hardcover copies are sold out, order softcover ISBN 9780943197309, \$19.95 (+ 5% Maine sales tax & \$2.00 for shipping & handling) from Maine Folklife Center, 5773 So. Stevens Hall, University of Maine, Orono, ME 04469, (207) 581-1891, folklife@maine.edu

Manly Hardy traveled extensively throughout eastern, central, and northern Maine during the latter half of the 19th century. During his travels, he recorded his experiences and observations and documented more about Maine's wildlife than any other naturalist of his time. The first section of Dr. Krohn's book is a short biography of Hardy. Most of the book is comprised of articles and essays by Manly Hardy, many of which were originally published in the periodical *Forest and Stream*. These include "A Fall Fur-Hunt in Maine", "A Maine Woods Walk in Sixty-One" and a series of articles on mammals of special concern in Maine, including, sea mink, cougars, panthers, caribou, wolves, lynx, Moose, fisher, beaver, otter, and porpoise. Each section has extensive and informative end notes. The final section of the book is an annotated bibliography of Hardy's writings based largely on a compilation started by Dr. Ralph S. Palmer. The book is illustrated throughout with photographs, maps, and historical drawings. G.M..

Notes

(1) Hardy's original hand-written journal was typed by his daughter, Fannie Hardy Eckstorm (1865-1946). After typing, the original journals were apparently destroyed. The typed copies, known as The Hardy Journals, are on file in the Fannie Hardy Eckstorm Collection (box 614, folder 73), University of Maine, Orono, ME, and publication of Hardy's 1858 journal is done courtesy of Special Collections.

(2) Hiram Lewis Leonard (1831-1907), one of the four people on this trip, was a well-known Maine market hunter, gunsmith, and woodsman. He later moved to New York State where he became an early and successful maker of bamboo fly rods. Information on Leonard can be found in Keane (1976:29-49) and Demeritt (1997:153-162).

(3) William Strickland was a lumberman from Bangor, Maine. Strickland invited Hardy and Leonard to "Sunday over" (Hardy, like many others of this time, was strict about not working or traveling on a Sunday). Asa Fox, who worked for Strickland at the time, "was a man who liked best to be alone, a sinister man of evil reputation, generally believed to have killed at least one man." (Eckstorm 1927b).

(4) Hardy taught Sunday School at the foot of Whiting Hill with his childhood friend (and later Civil War hero and Maine Governor - among many other accomplishments), Joshua L. Chamberlain (1828-1914). (materials in Manly Hardy Collection [MHC], Special Collections, Raymond Fogler Library, University of Maine, Orono). Today, the site where Hardy and Chamberlain taught is now on, or near, the location of a WalMart Supercenter in Brewer, ME.

(5) William H. Staples was one of Hardy's regular hunting partners, and bought furs from other trappers for Hardy. When not in the woods, Staples lived in the Patten area of northern Maine (material in MHC).

(6) Henry D. Thoreau, who crossed this carry a year before Hardy, wrote that "I would not have missed that walk for a good deal. If you want an exact receipt for making such a road, take one part Mud Pond, and dilute it with equal parts of Umbazooskus [Lake] and Apmoojenegamook [Chamberlain Lake]; then send a family of musquash [muskrats] through to locate it, look after the grades and culverts, and finish it to their minds, and let a hurricane follow to do the fencing." (Thoreau 1864:302-303).

(7) A Huron Indian, he preferred his name spelled "Peal Antwine Thomas" (Eckstorm 1927a).

(8) Eden S. Cole was an engineer who developed forestlands for David Pingree, a Massachusetts's businessman who bought large tracks of land in northern Maine. Coe had supervised for Pingree the building of Chamberlain Farm in 1846 (Bennett 2001).

(9) Muzzle loading weapons of this period fired when the percussion cap was struck, igniting the powder in the base of the barrel. Because the cap was external, accidental firings were fairly common (Note also Pail's close call on September 29). An instructional book for young sportsman of the time stated that "In fact, Boys! always look upon your gun as your best friend and your worst enemy, ready to serve you if you watch it closely, but let your vigilance once cease and an instant's carelessness many cost you your life or a limb." (Warren 1871:18).

(10) Market hunting for moose and other game was widespread at this time. A newspaper article based on an interview of Hardy when he was 38 years old stated that "Moose are getting scarcer year by year, and will certainly be exterminated unless the law regulating their capture is enforced. They are now killed mostly on the head waters of the Aroostook, Allegash and Penobscot rivers. Year before last probably 250 were killed in the state; last year not more than 50; the average for the last six years not over 100." (Anonymous 1870).

(11) An early illustration of a bridge just downstream of the Grand Falls is on page 95 of Ingersoll (1887). Also, an early photograph of these falls is the frontispiece of Bailey (1894).

(12) A "2 shooter" was a type of pistol made by Hiram L. Leonard (and others). This pistol had a rifled barrel and thus could

fire a bullet with more accuracy than a smooth bore barrel. A "2 shooter" loaded one shot upon the previous one. Thus, this type of pistol was not without disadvantage in that both shots would sometimes discharge at the same time, causing a great, and generally unexpected, recoil (or worse!). A photograph of the two-shot rifled pistol Leonard made for Hardy is shown in figure VI-9 of Demeritt (1997:154).

(13) A more detailed account of how a birchbark canoe was shod, or shoed, is given by Hubbard (1884:169172).

(14) This lake (Nictau is also spelled Nictor or Nixtaux, meaning "forks" [Bailey 1894:751] is "the most picturesque little water imaginable... nestles at the base of Bald Mountain, the highest peak in New Brunswick [sic]. The mountain, which is not, strictly speaking bald, but clothed with a stunted vegetation, rises quite abruptly from the water's edge to a height of 2,240 feet." (Bailey 1894:77). Bald (or Sagamook) Mountain is approximately 0.75 mi (1.2 km) south of the east end of Big Nictau Lake. At 2,450 ft (747 m) above mean sea level, Sagamook Mountain is not the highest peak in the province. Mount Carleton, approximately 2.1 mi (3.4 km) south of Sagamook, is the highest point in New Brunswick and the Maritime Provinces, being approximately 2,690 ft (820 m) in height (Shaw 1987).

(15) Even 15 years after Hardy's journey, a respected naturalist who had studied New Brunswick wrote that "Bald Mountain, near the sources of the Nepsiguit and Tobique rivers, is in one the wildest and least explored regions of the province. The height of this mountain has not been carefully measured, but possibly it is not less than 2,500 feet above the sea." (footnote on page 4 of Adams 1873).

(16) Leonard's "6 shooting rifle" was a rifle he made with 3 barrels that revolved, each capable of firing two shots (one charge loaded upon the next). Hardy described this type of gun in an article years later (i.e., Hardy 1903). Another type of multishot rifle made by Leonard had a cylinder built into the base (think of this version as a revolver with an extra long barrel). A photograph of this 45-inch long rifle is shown in figure V1-121 of Demeritt (1997:158); this rifle is on display at the Maine State Museum in Augusta. A photograph of Hiram L. Leonard, holding a long gun and in full hunting gear, is in Demeritt (1997:figure VI-15).

(17) Probably Big Cedar Brook, located approximately 10.5 mi (16.9 km) below the outlet of Nictau Lake. Little Cedar Brook is an additional 11.8 mi (19.0 km) below Big Cedar. Both brooks flow into the Tobique River from the north.

(18) It was said, even in the late 1800s, that by crossing from the Tobique into the Nepsiguit River drainage, "the traveler will enjoy a very surfeit of good hunting and fishing, rapid-shooting, beautiful scenery, and wild camp life." (Bailey 1894:77-78). But of the region as a whole, "with civilization's onward march the whole basin of the St. John is rapidly deteriorating as a country for fish and game." (Bailey 1894:84).

(19) Hardy apparently traveled with a lumbering crew leaving Staples, Pail, and Leonard in the woods. On 3 February 1859, Staples wrote Hardy from the Tobique Forks that "I have had very dishurigen [discouraging] luck cense [since] you left here. We have not caght [caught] much furs yet for the weather has ban [been] so cold Sable [martens] would not take bate [baits]..." As the weather turned colder, the three woodsmen worked some 5 weeks for a local lumbering operation, but continued to trap and caught 18 sable, 5 mink, 2 beaver, 1 fisher, 1 lynx, and 1 bear (copy of letter typed by Fannie Hardy Eckstorm. in MHC).

(20) This is a typical ending for one of Hardy's travel journals. While looking forward to his travels and working hard when on a trip Hardy always anticipated the joy of returning home, even if partners were left behind in the woods (also see his 1859 journal, and his woods trip in late winter-early spring of 1861 [Hardy 1903]).

Hardy's 1858 Journal

This 1858 journal is an example of one of Hardy's journals with information about an extensive area of northern Maine and north-central New Brunswick, Canada. The practice of traveling to a destination in late summer or early fall, trapping until late fall or early winter, and then returning home (the so-called "fall fur-hunt"), was common in North America during the 1600s through the early 1900s. Although primarily targeting fur-bearing animals, fall fur-hunts also took big game animals both for the meat and hide which could be used in camp as well as later sold at market.

A related strategy during this period were "longhunts." Long hunters generally traveled great distances by horse when obtaining furs, hides, and meat to sell. They would trade with Native Americans as well as shoot and trap their own game. Long-hunts were most common in eastern North America in the 1600s and 1700s, but this method of making a living continued in the West well into the 1800s (Holden 2000). These hunts avoided the hardships of trapping through the ice and traveling in deep snow. However, not all species have prime pelts in the fall; many aquatic species become prime during the winter (Worthy et al. 1987).

Thus, some trapping expeditions chose to start work during early fall, cut lines and setup deadfalls, build a series of small cabins for sequential use through the winter, and return home on the spring thaw after trapping

and hunting from late fall through winter (e.g., Barker and Danforth 1882). Records of fall/winter fur-hunts in Maine and New Brunswick from the mid to late 1800s show an animal community more characteristic of a boreal versus a temperate ecosystem, with lynx, moose, and caribou being fairly common and widely distributed in northern Maine and eastern Canada (although by the late 1800s the abundances of all three species were reduced in Maine [Hoving and Krohn, in press]; for information on the slightly later decline of big game populations in New Brunswick, see Parker 2004).

Hardy was almost 26 years old when he wrote the 1858 journal. He left Brewer via stage to Greenville, crossed Moosehead Lake on a steamboat, canoed down the West Branch of the Penobscot River, crossed into the Allagash River drainage, canoed down the St. John River, and then paddled upstream into the headwaters of the Tobique and Nepisiguit rivers (See Map). Hardy and his three partners had planned to go down the St. John to the confluence of the Grande River, then canoe up the Grande, and cross over into the Restigouche River where they would hunt and trap. However, after receiving discouraging reports about the Restigouche country while enroute, they changed plans and instead continued downstream to the Tobique River where one of Hardy's partners, Hiram L. Leonard, had been the year before.

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By Robert B. Snyder, Island Institute, Rockland, Maine

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My fingers, like thirsty roots, stretched across the ivory keys as they played one of the few piano songs I remember. The familiar music drowned out the nagging crescendo of obligations that were flitting through my mind. This new semester had appeared as a light beaming on the horizon of my school year. The dark ages of biology, history, and algebra were coming to a close; English, chorus, and French were dawning. The only negative trade was Band for Trigonometry and that would be bearable. In my rosy ideal I had never imagined such a torrent of work in all of my new classes. Tasks were raining down faster than I could finish them.

At which thought my mind went back to a picture of myself trying to bail out a dinghy in a rainstorm years ago. It had been when my family served as crew to my grandfather in a regatta in the Bahamas. Rain was pattering down, embossing the turquoise water with pockmarks. "Lynnie, would you go out in the dinghy with the bailer," our captain bade my mother. I had witnessed her doing this once before on our trip. The motion of scooping out the water with a cut open jug had a mysterious appeal. I pleaded, "Ooh! can I do it?" To children even vacuuming can seem a privilege while adults gripe at the prospect of lugging that deafening contraption over their floors.

I also liked the idea of being out in the dinghy, nearly at level with the water, able to feel the motion of the waves. On the sail from Florida to our tropical paradise my sister Heidi and I had stretched our legs over the bow in hopes of touching even a toe to the cool blue. We had watched as navy peaks transformed into clear aqua depths. Occasionally an unexpected spray would splash us to the knee and we would shriek in sheer delight. Every time we tacked the two of us climbed over to the leeward side to be closer to the water.

Bailing Out the Dinghy in the Rain

By Rachel Ravina

Here in the dinghy I could sink my arm into its cool depths without any effort. I was separate from the rest of my family in my tiny slab of paradise, the rocking metal dinghy. I scooped out water at a leisurely pace, at first it was only a sludge in the bottom. Soon, though, the pattering drops became a shower and the shower a cascade. I began to warm to my task. It became an act and I the glowing principal. I gleefully scooped out the ever-deepening water with a show of gusto while my family looked on from above. I wished to prove that I would not, as they all expected, tire of the task. They must have felt a combination of slight guilt and secret relief as they watched me, like the parents who allow their beseeching child to vacuum the house. The people on a neighboring boat, the *Muchacha*, laughed and yelled over, "Hey, Cinderella girl, were you bad?" They must have thought I was a piteous form, cast into the tiny vessel, slaving away.

I basked in the attention. Soon, however, I lost my audience! My family, after days of living with Grandpa, the Water Nazi, had traipsed out to the bow with bars of soap at the onslaught of the rain. They then began lathering themselves furiously, as if afraid that the heavenly torrent would cease at any moment. There had been no opportunity for a shower on our voyage, we had resigned ourselves to living indefinitely beneath a salty crust of ocean water residue (some tropical paradise)! The rain was a Godsend.

The laughing crew on the *Muchacha* was having an eventful day! Their laughter rang out to us across the humid air. Later, in a little restaurant on the island, we ran into them and became friends. We gave them a source of entertainment and they reciprocated with a Shower in a Bag (a 10-gallon sack that we could hoist up and stand beneath).

Meanwhile, back in the dinghy, as I grew tired I clung stubbornly to the pretense that I was having a marvelous time. Finally my leaden arms sank down and my family had mercy and pulled me in. The mystery of bailing had lost its appeal.

(Editor Comments: Fourteen-year-old Rachel received a "B" for this essay in her English writing class. As her friend Charlie, who passed on her effort to us, said, "Would that I could write so well!")

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There lives in an Auckland, New Zealand, suburb a model yacht builder and sailor always ultra enthusiastic and bursting with energy who, having discovered model yachts some years ago, is now forever building and then sailing them on the pond waters of Onepoto Lake with fellow sailors from the group known as the Ancient Mariners.

Ron Rule lives to build and sail, must have a project in hand, and is the sort of person I have always felt every sailing club needs to have as a member. He bristles with such enthusiasm, always has something new to launch, dares to be different, and therefore keeps interest in model sailboating high.

He does indeed dare to be different and a prime example was his foot-shaped, foot-sized Footy, with a separate toe-shaped tow boat for a light-hearted event staged some months ago. On another occasion it was a bottle boat that sailed extremely well. Ron is so prolific with his building that several years ago I felt it appropriate to thereafter refer to him as Ron "Boatus Uninterruptus" Rule and the name has stuck. If Julius Cesaer were around today he would have referred to him in similar fashion, I am sure !

It is highly unusual for Ron to turn up to sail with only one boat in the car. "Must have a Plan B," he would probably tell you, and on occasions if one looked closely there is probably a Plan C third model in the car as well!

Always prepared to go a bit over the top when participating in any event, Ron embraces the concept of windling for what it is intended to be, light-hearted, no pressure, and fun, an altogether good day garnished with friendly banter and sprinkled with the telling of jokes and the sharing of much rib-poking and resulting laughter among his fellow sailors.

Born in an Auckland suburb in 1932 (which he is always quick to add "was a good

The Effervescent Model Yachtsman

By Mark Steele



Adjusting the liquid ballast in his Bottle Boat.



The foot shaped Footy.

year for good looks and bright minds"), his early interest in the water goes beyond his stock answer, "When I had my first bath," and came when the family lived in the far north of New Zealand, in a house opposite Lake Ngatu where much of his time was spent swimming, making tin dinghies and rafts, and sailing.

His humour is always evident and ready to spring out in any conversation. He says that when he was in real estate in later years and managing his own company his wife joined him as a receptionist and he offered her ten shillings a week and an added perk that she could sleep with the boss! He and Christine are still together so it speaks highly for acceptance of his brand of humour.

Ron is a man with an aptitude for the arts, including working with copper. Having seen some of his work, particularly his model motorcycles and riders, I can vouch for the quality of what he produces. Then there is the trophy he quickly produced for a Starlet class yachting gathering quite recently ("made between the main course and the pudding at dinner" was what he told me!). He admits he is totally addicted to model sailboat building and the sailing of them.

He has now built 21 boats including seven 12" Footy class yachts, three Vic Smeed designed Starlets, a Bluenose schooner, a Thames sailing barge, a skipjack and a square-rigged pirate ship, the *Lady Fortune*, bristling with crew, among many others.

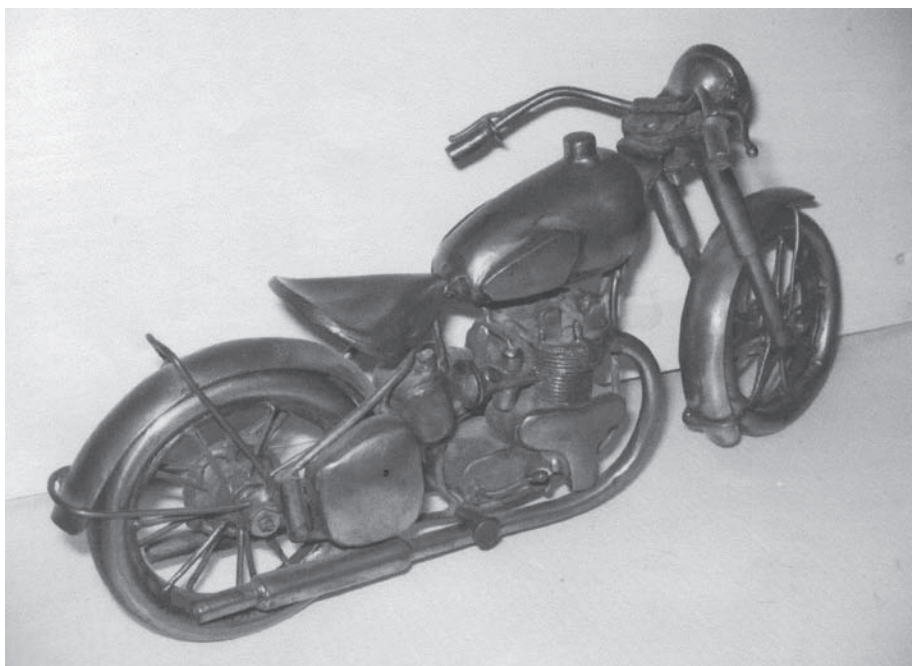
Usually first at the pond (in fact several swear that he actually sleeps in the bullrushes down at the Onepoto Lake!), Ron Rule is best summed up in this mouthful of words, "an often seemingly crazy, very humorous, quite delightful, and altogether thoroughly nice guy!"

RC sailing model of the Wasa.



Lady Fortune.





One of Ron's copper motorcycles (early 1950s BSA. Ed.)

The large and small of Ron's creations.



A RC sailing Footy square rigger.

A Thames sailing barge.



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The early days, enjoying a rented rowboat circa 1953.

My Quest for the Ideal Boat Part I

By Bob Davidson

There is no single "ideal boat" for all times, all people, and all places. One person's ideal boat may be someone else's nightmare. Some people are probably smart enough to be able to decide very quickly what their ideal boat is, that is if they like boats at all. Others, like me, are pretty slow to figure out what their ideal boat is and can even spend a lifetime trying to figure it out.

Ever since my father rented a boat and taught me how to row, back when I was hardly big enough to hold onto the oars (probably about six or seven years old) I have been searching for my ideal boat.

In this series, I will be telling you about my experiences with various boats over the years. From time to time I will be gathering some of my old boat pictures and putting them up on my web site at www.bobsboats.com.

Some of my fondest memories come from rowing a rented skiff in Wellfleet Bay, on Cape Cod, when I was a small boy. When I got to be a pre-teenager in the Boy Scouts I had become a little tired of looking backward all the time while rowing a boat. I got interested in canoes because when paddling them I could see where I was going instead of looking at where I'd been. So while my father was a great advocate of rowing, I rebelled against rowing and took up canoeing.

When I was about 14 my father bought a 12' aluminum boat with a used 5hp Johnson outboard. This little boat was one of those rare cases in my teenage years where I found myself in agreement with my father. Fortunately I got to spend a lot of time ramming around in that little boat and I thoroughly enjoyed it for a couple of years. While I had a lot of fun with that little 5hp motor, I did experience a bit of envy for the runabouts with 35hp motors that some of the older kids were using at the time.

Growing up and facing the realities of college, a couple of years in the army, starting a family, and other mundane, non-boat-ing activities meant that for several years I had to put boats pretty much out of my mind. For two of those years I lived in El Paso Texas. I couldn't find many places to launch a boat in El Paso, but boats were never totally out of my mind. During some vacation time during those years I was able to rent a rowboat or a canoe until the time came when I could finally afford a boat of my own.

The first boat I purchased as an adult was a 17' Grumman aluminum canoe. I bought it because it provided several features that I wanted; little or no maintenance, easy to carry and transport, and I would face the direction of travel so I could see where I was going. After a few years, though, I started to become annoyed with the fact that whenever faced with a stiff breeze or a mild current, a

canoe gets very tiring to make it go where I wanted it to go. Sometimes, the current or wind is just too much for a canoe.

I don't know about most other folks, but I'm not strictly a fair weather boater. I like to mess about in boats in almost all kinds of weather (except perhaps ice, snow, hurricanes, tornadoes). When I was able to accumulate a couple of extra dollars I decided to look for a good used boat with some motor power.

One of the things that concerned me when I was very young was how to avoid maintenance. I didn't want to waste time taking care of a boat. I wanted to spend all my time with my boat in the water. My early opinions about what kinds of boats needed the least maintenance pointed to aluminum or fiberglass. I developed a very strong opinion early on that I wanted to avoid wooden boats because my belief was that I would have to spend too much time taking care of them. In my youthful ignorance I viewed both fiberglass and aluminum boats as needing no maintenance at all! It wasn't until many years later that I started to agree more with those who believe that if God had intended that there be fiberglass boats, he would have made fiberglass trees!

I didn't have too much money at the time so I bought the cheapest used motorboat I could find, a 14' red and white runabout with a 40hp Johnson outboard motor ("argh, argh, argh" as Tim the Toolman would say.) That little runabout was built at a time when many boat manufacturers believed that a boat should resemble a car. At the time the boat was built all the cars had tail fins, the bigger the better! So naturally, this boat had tail fins. It also looked very similar to some of the runabouts that the older kids had back when I was riding around with the small 5hp outboard. Here was my chance to get one of those boats that made me envious back when I was about 14. And what a deal! I couldn't believe the low price! I just had to have that boat!

I soon found out why it was so cheap... it had a hull with a balsa core and the core had become waterlogged and rotted! It became very clear that something was wrong when the hull started to buckle while I was running it at top speed. Well, I didn't want a little thing like rotted balsa to get in the way of my boating fun. Although I didn't pay very much for the boat, I was determined to make it work, so I cut out the interior fiberglass layer of the hull and scraped away the rotted balsa. I got some cypress wood and made some fairly bulky stringers and makeshift frames. I filled the area between the stringers and frames with the kind of foam that you make by mixing two parts together. That foam is great stuff but you pay a hefty price for it. I covered the whole thing over with 1/2" plywood and covered that with fiberglass and resin. One thing for sure, that boat was never going to sink! I then painted the whole interior with bright white paint, bright enough to give me snow blindness!

If you're thinking that I would have been a lot better off buying a better boat to begin with instead of trying to fix up a piece of junk, you're right. But I remember hearing a saying one time that goes like this: "That which doesn't kill me makes me stronger," or at least it makes me smarter. I did learn a lot (the hard way) about boat construction and repair and about working with fiberglass and resin. And I did end up having an awful lot of fun with that boat.

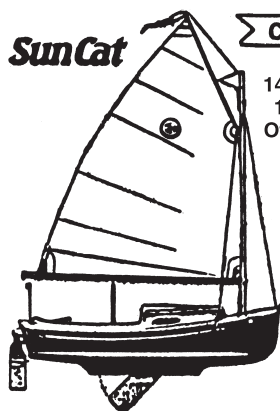
(To Be Continued)



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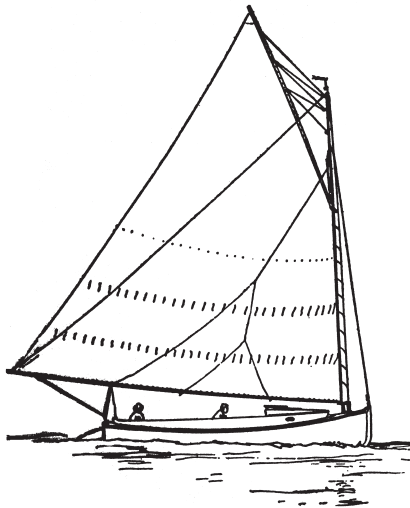


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A Possible Source for The Term "Catboat"

By Greg Grundtisch



Did you ever wonder where the term catboat came from? Some have said it came from the phrase "quick as a cat." Not likely as catboats are not very quick. The racing cats of bygone days are a possible exception. Some also say it because of the elliptical portlights in the cabin side that gives it a cat-like look. There are several other possible explanations, but none too convincing.

That is until now. Judy Lund, of the Catboat Association, has discovered what seems like a very plausible source for the name. She wrote the following:

"I was reading the (New Bedford, Massachusetts) *Republican Standard* for some local history, when I came across an article entitled "Nautical." It was written in September, 1885, when Puritan and Genesta were hot topics. The discussion was about the virtues of cutters (Genesta) and sloops (Puritan).

It then goes on to say that in America we have the parent craft from which these two types are offshoots, the catboat. It goes on to say that in Holland the Kat was the anchor and small leeboard boats took out the Kats from the large craft, either to anchor or to kedg along. The article continues that the term cat survives in large vessels, in the catheads, the support for the anchor, and cat holes (hawse holes).

The article also states that "in America the word cat has clung to a small sailboat, which without doubt in colonial days had one leeboard on each side, just as those highly varnished Dutch boats. Yankee ingenuity soon perceived the uselessness of two leeboards when one sliding keel would do the business better, it would hold the water deeper and keep the boat from drifting with the wind. Deck was added so that a sudden sea would not swamp her, but one big sail was kept because it is so easily and economically managed. This is the ancestry of the catboat, most engaging of crafts and most useful in all but ignorant hands(!)."

Judy further writes, "This explanation certainly makes a lot of sense. It's as cogent an explanation as I have heard. Sources of course are non-existent and the articles unsigned. Nevertheless, I think it is on to something."



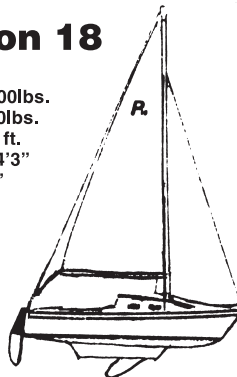
Judy Lund is the historian for the American Catboat Association. She and Dave Hall (editorial board) very graciously gave me permission to print this. Thank you both. Happy sails.

For information on catboats and the Catboat Association contact John Greene, Membership Secretary, P.O. Box 246, Cataumet, MA, 02534-0246, (508) 563-3715, johnngreene@verizon.net

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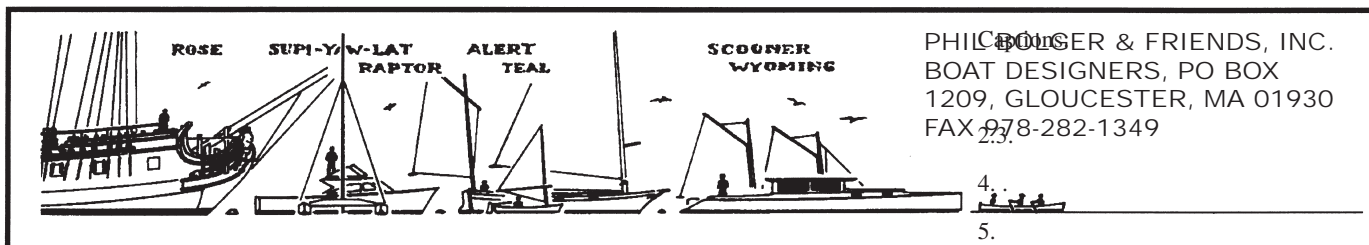
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Tennessee was designed for a novice builder to cruise the TVA lakes and other inland waters. I wrote about it in my 1980 (out of print) book, *Different Boats*. The fad for outboard cruisers came and went pretty fast in the 1950s. Most of them were terrible boats, if only because they tended to be very short, with most of their length taken up by a cabin that could only be used for sleeping. The people had to congregate in the stern along with the motors, which did little for comfort, performance, or safety. Then, as now, longer meant bigger to most people, so there were few cases of the cabin being added on to the length of a good utility.

At one time I got up a scheme for manufacturing a floating trailer like the automobile camping trailers that fold up into a compact box. The idea was that it could have a semi-rigid hitch to fit any sizable utility boat, to convert any such boat into a cruiser without taking much off her performance or anything from her normal usefulness.

Tennessee has the cabin (better say cuddy) added on to her length or, if you like, had some fairing added on up forward and abaft her cockpit. Construction aimed at ultimate simplicity, spring the prefabricated sides around nine or ten bulkheads and molds and screw on the bottom and sides. Keep the plywood light since she was not supposed to be exposed to very rough water, all $\frac{3}{8}$ ", doubled on the bottom. All the plans, including full-size jointing diagrams, were on a single 22" x 34" sheet.

The result was that she floated very lightly on top of the water. Built as designed, she weighed 1,200-1,500 pounds depending on the density of the plywood, etc., so the loading of the waterplane area is only around 10lbs per square foot. The hull is so shallow that with a little exaggeration it could be said that she's in planing attitude at a standstill. Most of the water she has to move out of her way goes under her and it doesn't take much power to push it down, or the boat up, those few inches. She can run at 10mph (statute miles) with 9.9hp given a suitable propeller.

Quite a few of them have been built over the years. Many were given hard shelters in place of the awning shown on the plans and more or less added cruising

Bolger on Design

Tennessee Inland Waters Outboard Cruiser

Design #359
29' x 6"11" x 6'2"

arrangements. Speed and economy wasn't as good if weight was added, of course, but mostly they gave good satisfaction. In a certain length of waves they slammed hard with unpleasant vibration of the thin panels. One, on which the builder had left out the fore-and-aft web panels under the cockpit seats, started to show cracking in the bottom panel and had to be stiffened up, but we didn't hear of any catastrophic consequences of the light construction, probably because the need to change course or reduce speed to suit the wave length was emphasized by discomfort!

Recently we heard from Chester Young in Florida that he'd bought a used Tennessee, named her *Ester Mae*, and done some testing on the performance of this old design. He writes:

"To date I have run the *Ester Mae* over 800 miles during 130 hours of run time. Purchased in late December of 2005. To date, all use has been on the Caloosahatchee, the adjacent Pine Island Sound, and Matlachee Pass here in South Florida. Conditions have ranged from flat calm to 25 knots plus, driving solo (unusual), two passengers (typical), and with up to 11 on board, (happened during the tail end of a wicked front with winds in excess of 25 knots, on the river where it narrows to less than one mile wide). There has been lots of run time with 15 knots breeze, best either on the nose or following, abeam makes for a continual rolling motion. At 12mph minor pounding occurs with light chop, nothing that is uncomfortable and certainly not destructive.

Running with wide open throttle she tools along at 12-13mph getting 10mpg. Several runs of over 30 miles one way have proven this to be consistent. Do not have reliable data to determine what mileage is at

lower speeds. The current configuration is a 25hp four-stroke with remote steering and throttle, an electrical system that has dual batteries mounted behind the cockpit, a 17gal fuel tank installed 5' forward of the transom. I have started to remove some of the furniture that was built into the cabin during a recent repair after finding a submerged pile and putting a hole in her bottom."

We're looking forward to hearing what kind of mileage he gets at reduced throttle. When Tennessee was designed, practically all outboard motors were two-strokes which don't improve their economy much as they're backed off. With the four-stroke, slowing down to 8-10mph will produce a significant improvement in mileage. At the right speed, that 17gal tank of \$3 gasoline might take her 200 or even 250 miles.

This design is a pure example of what has been derided as a "Bolger Box." Note that the apparent crudity, undemanding of design and construction skill, also produces a performance unequalled by anything more "sophisticated." Susanne insists that with some "eye candy" and better accommodation options beyond this simple box-on-box geometry, there might have been a lot more of them built and less "pollution for pleasure" with two-stroke motors in the meantime.

For smoother head-sea action and optional all-out planing speed we would today look at the more recent 31' x 7' Topaz (#650) and would pursue a square-stern option and lobster yacht styling opportunity which is in the works, eventually. We described Topaz in *MAIB* Vol. 19 No. 3, June 15, 2001.

I owe a bow to the memory of Albert Hickman, who pioneered fast boats of this shape and these proportions a hundred years ago, before he invented the Sea Sled. He didn't have plywood, or outboard motors, but he did show, and expounded eloquently upon, the profound truth that the simplest shape can well be the best one.

Plans of Tennessee, our Design #359, are available for \$100 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube, from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930. Plans of Topaz, #650, are \$300 to build one boat.

Overall, our mission remains the same: to keep Arey's Pond Boat Yard small, personable, and environmentally responsible and to provide quality and timely service to our loyal clientele. Despite this goal we still cannot seem to stop growing, although at a very slow rate. It is hard to turn away a new sloop or catboat sailor who has moved into the area to enjoy the bay. In accommodating our growth we continue to try to improve all areas of our service.

Improvements to the Boat Yard

New Crane: Last year, when we sent our 3-ton hoist out for winter service, we were informed that it was no longer serviceable. We decided not to purchase a new one because this seemed an opportune time to replace the old lifting system with a crane. We have now purchased a 1970s model Drott Mobile Crane that will allow us more flexibility. This crane will ease the lifting method of the boats for centerboard and bottom work.

Other Additions: We will be enhancing our service with a new workboat, another new float, and a larger APBY dinghy for our courtesy dinghy fleet. We also plan to build more shelves in the new oil and gas containment area so that we can store small gas containers. Storage will be available on a first come, first served basis.

Upper Shop: We are in the initial planning stages for redesigning and modernizing the boat building shop on Cygnet Lane. The upgrade will include state of the art air filtration systems and dust collection.

New Floats: In the 2006 season, we will be adding two new floats to replace a couple of our aging ones and supplementing the new ones built last year built by Brad Maher.

New Boats: We have purchased a new

Arey's Pond Boat Yard Report

By Tony Davis

Beacon skiff to enhance the dinghy dock fleet. Dinghies are available on a first come, first served basis, so please be sure to return an APBY dinghy for the next customer before leaving the pond. Joel, Kenrick, and Adam have modified a 17' hull to serve as a new workboat for mooring service and boat delivery. With its customized design, this workboat will be more efficient and safer for servicing your moorings and towing the boats.

Boatbuilding: This winter marks a milestone in our boatbuilding department. For the first time we are building one or more of every model of boat that we advertise, as well as a new design destined for a home on a lake in Canada. This new design is a 16' Lynx fiberglass hull modified to be a motor launch powered with a 10hp Yanmar inboard engine. We are also building hull #2 of our wooden Pleasant Bay Launch using the strip planked method of construction, two Cat 14s that are destined for homes in Florida, one of which will travel on the aft deck of a 65' trawler while it cruises in the Bahamas, and two Lynx 16s, one being built by Suzanne Leahy (Marine Restoration and Salvage) using the strip planked method. We are building our third Daysailer 18, also using the strip planked method, and we have a fourth on order. Two new 14's will be sailing in Pleasant Bay this summer and the fifth Cat for 2006 delivery will hail from Martha's Vineyard.

Boat Launchings and Journeys: In the spring of 2005 there were a record 15 successful launchings of new Arey's Pond boats,

including 12 Cat 14s, two Lynx 16s, and one new 18' Daysailer. Among the many new boats that were launched was Jim Donovan's impressive Lyle Hess Cutter, *Carina*. After a shakedown cruise to Maine Jim had a successful voyage, starting out of Stage Harbor in Chatham, to Bermuda.

After a week in Bermuda he set off on a single handed sail, along with a fleet of other boats, to the British Virgin Islands. Jim, who will be turning 24 this year, is sailing with no motor or auxiliary power. We wish Jim the best of luck as he continues his journey, sailing from Antigua to England in May.

Friends of Pleasant Bay; Friends of Arey's Pond: If you are not already a member of the Friends of Pleasant Bay or Friends of Arey's Pond, we strongly urge you to join. These groups play a critical role in trying to ensure that our local waters are restored to a healthy state. They work through education, volunteerism, and sponsorship of environmental projects.

Contact the Friends of Pleasant Bay, P.O. Box 845, S. Orleans, MA 02662 or at fopb.org, and the Friends of Arey's Pond, P.O. Box 1045, S. Orleans, MA 02662 to lend support.

Calendar of Events 2006: WoodenBoat Show: 25-27 August, Newport RI; Maine Boats and Harbors Show: 11-13 August, Rockland ME; Cat Gathering/Customer Appreciation Day: 19 August, 11am (rain date 20 August) APBY, South Orleans, MA.

For our website update please visit areyspondboatyard.com. We have added several pages on our new Arey's Pond Daysailers and continue to offer online shopping for boat parts as well as APBY clothing and accessories/

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If your printer connects to a USB port, try the following: There is software available called "DOS2USB". You can download it from: www.dos2usb.com. I tried it with my W2000 and it worked fine. Open it before you run PLYBOATS, select "Automatic" in the menu, then start PLYBOATS. Print as usual. They want you to register else the trial period ends after a few days. **If you do not use a USB connected Printer:** There are adaptors available that allow you to connect a parallel printer cable to a USB port.

You also can setup a network with a printer on it or use a network printer to print. Microsoft has issued Tech Notes in the form of Microsoft Knowledge Base Articles 314499 for XP and 154498 for W2000. The steps to take are as follows:

1. Click START, and then click RUN.
 2. In the OPEN box, type cmd, and then click OK.
 3. Type "net use lpt1\\pserver\PrinterName /persistent:yes", then press ENTER. Where pserver is the name of the print server sharing your printer and PrinterName is the name of the printer as it appears in your list of printers, for example "Laser1" or "HP Desk Jet 810".
 4. To quit the command prompt, type exit and then press ENTER.
- Mouse Problems With XP or WINDOWS 2000**
The Mouse refuses to work normally with DOS in Computers using Xp or W2000. It balks in Sub-menus. In mine, the mouse operates Ok in the main menu, but it does not show the usual Arrowhead. When it balks, I have to use TAB and the ARROW Keys to move about and then hit ENTER to select. This works OK, but is annoying, since, you cannot move in reverse. The ARROW Keys work OK.

Ray Clark • rclark183@socal.rr.com or www.plyboats.com

Well, not much and a whole lot. A GPS is to the map and compass like the computer word processor is to the typewriter and scissors and paste. Today any of us can produce a nice three-color brochure, ready to send to the printer, all by ourselves, where in the olden days we had to send our information out to a graphics shop for professional layout. The computer and graphic word processor has taken a difficult and time-consuming task and made it possible for the average knucklehead to turn out his own slick and stylish publications.

The same applies to the GPS. In the olden days navigation was an arcane art, requiring protractors, dividers, and a copy of *Chapmans*, to say nothing about the math. Short of all that, we would just grab an orienteering compass and a map and wing it. But the current crop of GPSs brings accurate and sophisticated navigational abilities to these same knuckleheads. All of us can now navigate accurately and precisely to the EXACT spot we want to go to, just be careful not to set the GPS to navigate to that red nun, because you may hit it!

While I hope this little article is interesting and somewhat informative, I strongly recommend that you go online and get a copy of *Basic GPS Navigation: A Practical Guide to GPS Navigation*, by John Bell (www.smallboatgps.com). This is without question the best set of instructions for GPS navigation out there. For all things GPS, check out www.gpsinformation.net. This is the best GPS web site I have found.

For those of you without the internet, I am sorry, but there just is no other place to get this kind of detailed and in-depth information. The GPS books I have seen just are not worth the \$15 to \$30. They all cover the same material and waste too much paper explaining the satellite geometry and signal codes, yet not one has covered the most basic triangulation technique.

Bring a stack of paper (184 pages) over to a friend's house and have them print out Mr. Bell's pamphlet. Also, most print and photocopy places like Kinkos can download, print, and bind the pamphlet for you. Just have them go to www.smallboatgps.com. Mr. Bell also has Cockpit GPS for the airplane pilot.

This has been a long introduction to a short article. So, what can we do with that GPS thing? We can triangulate. Triangulation is about knowing where you are. If we know where we are, then we can think about how to get to some other place. Most of us know how to triangulate our location using two or three visible landmarks (check out the *Boy Scout Fieldbook for Boys and Men* if you don't). This is a great technique that I have used many, many times. The problem is that it does not work very well if you cannot see your landmark. With the GPS we can triangulate our location using landmarks, otherwise called waypoints, that are out of sight. How do we do that? Read *GPS Navigation* for the gory details, or read below for a gross oversimplification.

Equipment needed: GPS, map, orienteering compass (we didn't get very far from the map and compass did we?) and a pencil.

Enter several waypoints into the GPS throughout the area we're going to navigate in. We can look up coordinates on the web, scale them from a map and type them in manually, or just drive around in the car entering waypoints directly into the GPS. We can even do this while driving to the boat

So, What Can We Do With That GPS Thing? The Invisible Triangle

By Russell Lahti

ramp! On new models we can get waypoints from the Points of Interest data within the unit or just point and click directly on the map displayed on the GPS screen. Having the waypoints distributed evenly around our area will yield better results than having them clustered all on one side. Make sure that the waypoints you enter are for landmarks that are visible on your map or chart (this is important).

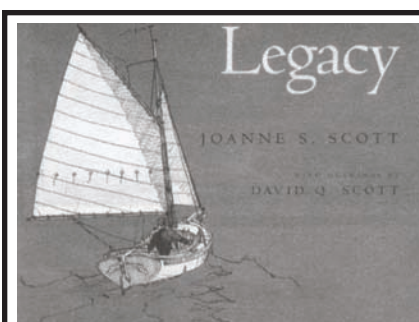
Go on out and mess about. When you want to know where you are pull out your map or chart and pull out your GPS and bring up one of those waypoints you entered for just this occasion. While each GPS unit displays the information differently, they will all give you the distance and the bearing to the waypoint. On most units you will just have to execute a GoTo (that waypoint) and read the distance and bearing from the display.

Take your orienteering compass and set the baseplate to the appropriate bearing. Do not waste your time calculating the reverse bearing and all that mumbo jumbo. I have yet in all my life had to add or subtract anything in order to find where I am and how to get from here to there. Just adjust the baseplate to the bearing shown on the GPS, put it onto the chart, rotate the entire compass until the needle box on the baseplate aligns with north (you did get an adjustable declination compass, didn't you?), slide it over until the baseplate intersects with the waypoints location on the chart, and then draw a line down the

side of the baseplate with the pencil. Extend the line if you need to, but you are somewhere along that line.

Do this twice more. At some point your three pencil lines will meet, forming a rough triangle. Unless you are drifting fast or have made a big booboo three times, your location is within that triangle.

Are there other ways to find and plot our location? Yes. Is this the best or easiest way? Maybe, maybe not. Can I do this without the GPS? Duhhhh. Can I do this without the map and compass? Yes, even on the old fashioned non-mapping GPS, but very easily on the newer models. Would I go out without a map and compass? Of course. All the time. But then I already know how to paddle a straight line and walk a straight line in the woods. Each person needs to make an informed decision about what to bring with them and how much redundancy they want in their safety and navigation equipment.



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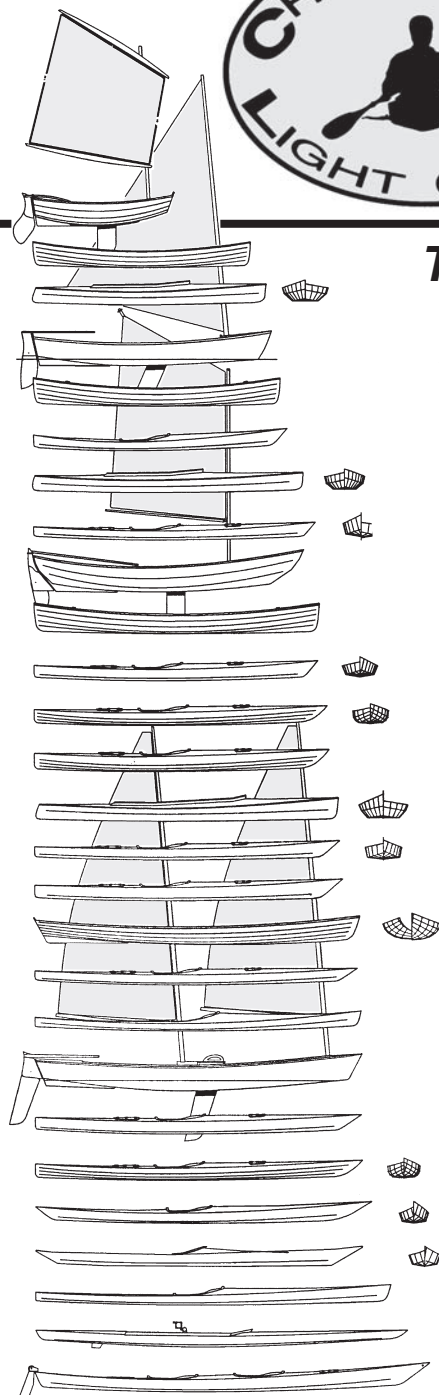
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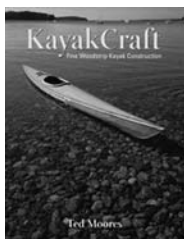
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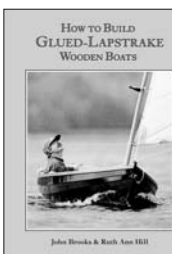
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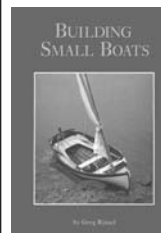
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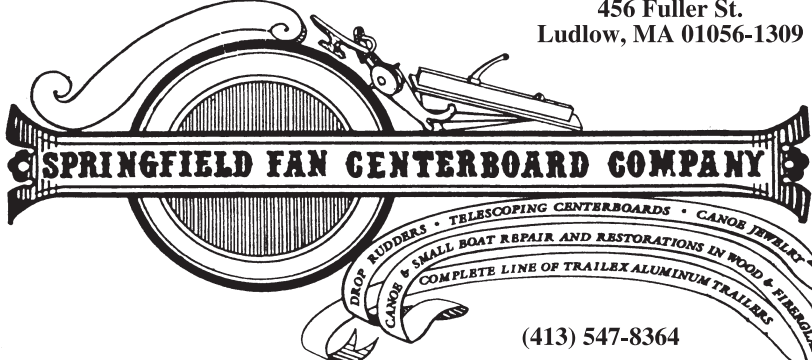
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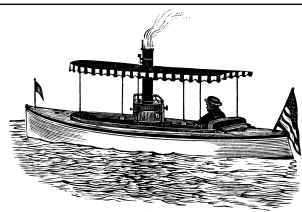
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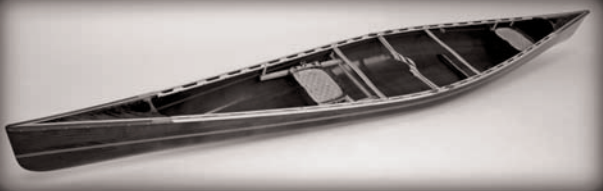
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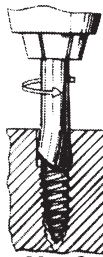
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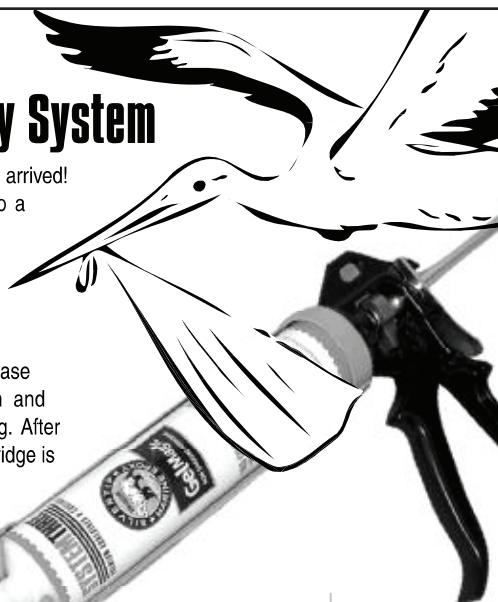
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A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

Mail to *Boats*, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to officesupport@comcast.net. No telephone ads please.

Boats for Sale, Minnesota non-profit must turn excess inventory into working capital. See photos & descriptions at www.urbanboatbuilder.org. Canoes, wherry, kayaks, skiffs. Also others not on website, incl 4 Bumble Bee prams, a 3-seat kayak, even an 18' electric launch; call for more information.

URBAN BOATBUILDERS, 1460½ University Ave., St. Paul MN 55104, (651) 644-9225 (5)

Beetle Cat, sound hull, no broken or sistered ribs. Nds paint, varnish & TLC. Several items nd repair incl 1 pintle, 1 gudgeon, mooring cleat, cb pennant & rubrail. Sail & spars in gd cond. New sail cover & cockpit cover. Trlr. Call for details. \$3,500.

BEE HARVEY, Strafford, NH, (603) 664-5681 (5)



'94 Peep Hen 14', gaff-rigged catboat, 9" draft (board up), manufactured by Custom Fiberglass. Gorgeous cond. Forest green hull, white topside, white sail. Used primarily in fresh water. Sheltered under a tarp during the off season. My wife calls our mini-cruiser/daysailer a "wine and cheese" sailboat. She (the boat, not my wife) is gentle, fun, easy to handle, and virtually immune to capsizing (come to think of it, so is my wife). The boat has all the standard features (ice chest, galley tubs, full set of cushions, sail & tiller cover, bimini, etc.) plus lotsa neat custom stuff (boom vang, wood decked anchor well, mast hoops, reinforced gal-lows, seat cushion restraining straps, etc.). I will be pleased to email or USPS Mail a pdf file to the prospective buyer that shows all of the customizing I have done on this boat. The Peep Hen has been described as bordering on a "cult classic." Over the years, *Ah-So* has prompted many inquiring comments from curious passersby. I am selling the boat with a 3.3 Mercury ob used less than 50 hrs. The Magic Tilt ET-16 trlr has bearing buddies, excellent tires & submersible lights. A previously owned Peep Hen is very difficult to find in ANY condition, let alone as fine a boat as *Ah-So*. I am selling the boat because she is infrequently used; the Smoky Mountains of North Carolina present nary a breeze during most of the summer. My asking price is \$7,950, but I would be willing to be whittled down to \$7,499 if you promise to give the boat a good home. Feel free to call me to talk about the boat (and/or the wife).

ED KESGEN, Sylva, NC, (828) 508-2123, ekesgen@hughes.net (5)



"Madame Tirza" Classic Catboat, Charles Witholtz design, fg over marine plywood, completed in '96 by Bill Simonsen and owned by 1 family. 19'6" LWL, 9'6" beam, 135sf sail, gaff rigged, 3 rows of reef points, incl jiffy reefing. Sail is newly cleaned in perfect cond w/sail cover, also winter cover. Yanmar IB engine, 1-cylinder Diesel, torques out at 11hp at the prop, faithfully maintained & serviced & in exc cond. Skeg keel draws only 26", no cb, no leaks. Huge, roomy cabin & cockpit w/storage closet & drawers, inside lighting, fitted cushions on 2 bunks. Varnished wooden boat hook & varnished rigging blocks. 800lbs of inside ballast on the keel & approximately 200lbs of ballast neatly applied to the bottom of the keel. Boat is a fast sailer. New owner needs to do some cosmetic work. Asking \$9,500. Located in Toms River, NJ.

BARRY LEVINE, Toms River, NJ, (732) 270-5210. (5)

3 Geodesic Aerolite Boats, last 3 designed and built by the late Platt Monfort. 8' Black Fly, Nordic pram. 13' Blivit, decked planing sailboat. 12' Cricket, sailboat. See website gaboats.com for photos. Prefer buyer pickup, crating & shipping costs unreal. Fairly priced, but there will be no more.

BETTE MONFORT, Westport, ME, (207) 882-5504, bette@monfort.us (5)

21' Carolina Sprite Skiff, open boat built of juniper & ss screws, glued with 3M 5200. 3 sails, jib, main, topsail. Trlr & motor incl. \$5,000.
GEORGE TUTWILER, Richmond, VA, (804) 740-0084 (5P)

30' Gaff Sloop, '60 classic John Hanna Tahiti. Heavy displacement, double ended. Documented. New mainsail, Yanma Diesel. Fully equipped. Strong, safe, reliable. Now cruising New England coast. Delivery possible. \$11,500.
VAL THOMPSON, Edgecomb, ME, (207) 882-7637 (6)



17' FG Sea Kayak, vy gd cond, Gillies (Canadian) design, rudder, teal w/red trim, 49lbs, 24" wide. \$1,100. 16' 9" FG Sea Kayak, like-new cond, Point 65N (Swedish) design (see www.point65.com), retractable skeg, yellow top w/white bottom, 59lbs, 21½" wide, \$1,500. Mitchell wooden paddle \$50 & kayak skirt \$35.
BILL COOGAN, Westbrook, ME, (207) 591-5049 (5)



Catspaw Dinghy, designer Herreshoff & White, custom built '92 by Greg LaSchum to plans from WoodenBoat. Cedar & mahogany over white oak frames, finished bright. Incl 2 pr custom oars, compl spritsail rig, custom canvas cover, custom trlr. Exc cond. Appraised at \$6,900, copy available on request. This lovely boat must find a new home. Make offer.

KRISTIN ANDERSON, Apalachicola, FL, (850) 6532249, kristin@kristinworks.com (5)



Hogfish, 32' shoal draft sharpie, cutter rig, built by master boatbuilder/sailor Chris Morejohn. Recently renovated & back from 8th Bahamas cruise. Sails, canvas, engine, electronics, head, stove, fridge, cushions, etc new 2005. Fully equipped for liveaboard cruising. Turnkey vessel. \$18,500.

ROB KREIT. Lancaster, VA, (804) 462-9840, beaupt@peoplepc.com (6)



Menemsha 24, Bob Baker classic keel/cb fg sloop, 24x8x2.8/5.3. RI-built 1970, recent fore-deck rehab, new cockpit seats, coaming, toe rails, virtually new sails & yanmar diesel. Bronze/teak wheel steering. \$14.2K.

BOB KUGLER, Westport, MA, 508-636-2236 (5)



14' Chamberlain Dory Skiff, custom built '04 using glued lap construction over mold. Beautiful! Quick transition between rowing & sailing using brailing line. 2 oars, cover, trlr. Fun to sail & row. Always draws compliments on the water. \$2,900.

JOE FERNON, Annapolis, MD, (410) 903-4284. (5)



22' Herreshoff Eagle, ultimate pocket cruiser. Mfd by Nowak & Williams in '76. Sails like new. 7hp Seagull o/b. Green hull. Electrical wired. Trlr. Located in Miami Yacht Club. \$5,500. for more info see www.herreshoffeagle.com.

ROGER BESU, Miami Beach, FL, (305) 970-7136, besulaw@hotmail.com (6)

14' Glass Slipper Whitehall Rowboats (2), w/oars, exc cond. \$750 & \$850, \$1,500 for both. Located NW IN.

JACK RENTNER, Crown Point, IN, (219) 662-0779 (6)



74 Luhrs Sport Fisherman, 26' mini-cabin cruiser restored '02-'03. Flybridge controls, fighting chair, outriggers, 6 fish stations, head, galley, table folds into bunk, V-berth for 2. 70hrs on rebuilt IB engine. 2 new biminis, blue. \$14,000/obo. Health.

GEORGE PERRY, Heathsville, VA, (804) 580-3312 (6)



Menemsha 24, Bob Baker classic keel/cb fg sloop, 24' x 8' x 2.8/5.3'. RI-built '70, recent fore-deck rehab, new cockpit seats, coaming, toe rails, virtually new sails & Yanmar diesel. Bronze/teak wheel steering. \$14.2K.

BOB KUGLER, Westport, MA, (508) 636-2236. (6)



11' Gull, ca '60s. Ian Proctor designed double chine sailing dinghy. Sloop or cat rigged. LOA 11' x 4'9" beam. Fully restored, well built solid fg. White hull & interior w/buff decks, thwarts & gunwales. Alum. mast & cedar boom painted buff/white tips. Older sails w/no tears. SS standing rigging & quality hardware throughout. Yard trailer incl that could easily be restored to roadworthy cond. Rows responsively & has lovely classic lines. \$950. For Gull specs & photos go to <http://www.skiffasia.com/DinghyDataDetail.php?r ecordID=84>.

BOB GROESCHNER, New Milford, CT, (860) 354-8048, karamaru@charter.net (6)



Shoal Cat Power Catamaran, 17-1/2' hull w/7' beam & 11" draft, all hand lay-up w/Honda 50hp 4-stroke ob that sips gas & purrs quietly. Removeable alum T-top, custom canvas spray dodger, dual batteries, alum trlr, jack plate. Has been across Gulf Stream to the Bahamas & back but will also skim across the flats to the most remote waters when you get there. The most seaworthy & stable small craft I have ever owned. Located north FL. \$11,500.

JEFF RUSSELL, Perry, FL, (850) 584-8123, <JDRussell@gtcom.net> (22)

7'11" Dyer Midget, sailing model compl w/sail. Restored boat from '60s. Padded gunwale guard. Make an offer we can both brag about. 16' Dyer Dink, sailing model less sail. Restored boat from '70s. This is a Philip L. Rhodes design so its sailing ability is unquestioned. Teach your son or daughter to sail. Make an offer.

JOHN AMMERMAN, Brick, NJ, (732) 920-4735 (6)

Wine glass stern rowing boat, 15 1/2' lg x 3 1/2' beam. Fiberglass & mahogany construction. Seats fore & aft w/flotation under. Two rowing stations, each with fore/aft adjustable outriggers & adjustable foot rests. One pair spruce oars incl. Used one season. In brand new condition. \$2,750. BOB ABRAMSON, Stonington, CT, 860-535-3699, buy4us@comcast.net (6)

2 Cedar-strip Sea Kayaks. Beautiful and strong. Newfoundland Explorer model. Efficient, stable paddling, 16.5' long, only 42 lbs. Storage hatches, adjustable foot braces, seat and back band. Paddles & transport J-cradles. Like-new condition. Could deliver a reasonable distance. Details/pictures bobar@worldpath.net <mailto: bobar@worldpath.net>. \$2600 ea or \$4900 pair. Moving to the desert, must sell.

BOB LARKIN, Ctr. Sandwich, NH, 603-284-9292 (6)



Americat 22, built 1971. Designed by Francis Sweisguth. Fast, close winded catboat with standing headroom and enclosed head. Comfortable family cruiser, great daysailer with huge cockpit. Scoter was the smallest official "tall ship" in the 2000 NYS OpSail parade. Since purchase in 1996 we have done all the operational bits - new standing and running rigging and blocks ('96), teak cabin-top handrails ('96), new bronze through hulls and all hoses, etc ('96), VHF radio ('96), all new wiring and electrical panel, dual battery system ('96), midship spring-line cleats ('99), new Yanmar 2GM-20F with 3 bladed prop, teak binnacle w/compass, single-lever engine control and folding cockpit table, depth sounder & knot meter (all '00), new mast-top antenna ('03), batteries ('04 & '05), new topside paint and lettering ('04), steel centerboard removed and completely overhauled ('05), custom cockpit awning with removable sides for complete enclosure ('04). Cosmetics remain - deck and cabin exterior needs new paint, sail cover and cushions are worn. \$18,000.

KATE HERMAN, Hastings on Hudson, NY, 914-693-6058, or email kate@kghermancpa.com (6)

Rhodes 19 Centerboard, built in 1977 by O'Day. All white fiberglass sloop that is as beautiful to look at as she is to sail. This boat has spent most of her life in a garage and is in like new, all original condition. Fresh water boat. Second owner. Equipped w/ Nav. lights, dome light, AMFM radio, bilge pump and more. Alum roller trailer. It is rare to find an O'Day in such beautiful original condition. Asking \$6850 w/ 1993 Evinrude 4hp or \$6250 w/o. All reasonable offers considered. RON PATTERSON, Antrim, NH, 603-478-1211 or email patterson@gsinet.net for pics (6)

14' Lowell Surf Dory. Mahogany transom, thwarts, forepeak locker. Native pine over oak frames, bronze fastened. Built by Jim O'Dell at Lowell's Boat Shop. No blemishes. Stored indoors. She's perfect! Cordura cover. Bottom strake and bottom originally fiber glassed for trailering. 2 pair S&T spruce oars. Cox galvanized trailer. Asking \$5,750 or BO. BOB NYMAN, Little Compton, RI, 401-635-8937 (6)

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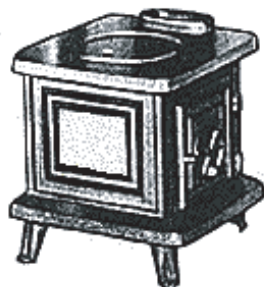
Rowboat, lightweight 8'-12', preferably 2 person craft. DEBORAH HARRIS, Great Barrington, MA, (413) 528-9027, musicmoves@hotmail.com (7)

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9" Ash Woods Cleats, matched pair varnished w/stainless steel hardware. \$25 delivered. WINTERS BROTHERS, 4555 II Rd., Garden, MI 49835 (21EOI)

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BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

Peter H. Spectre's Compass Rose Review, updated periodically. Read it at www.compassrosereview.blogspot.com. PETER SPECTRE, Spruce Head, ME (14P)

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Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet. DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)

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CLARKCRAFT, 16-35 Aqualane, Tonawanda, NY 14150, (716) 873-2640, catalogs online at www.clarkcraft.com (8P)



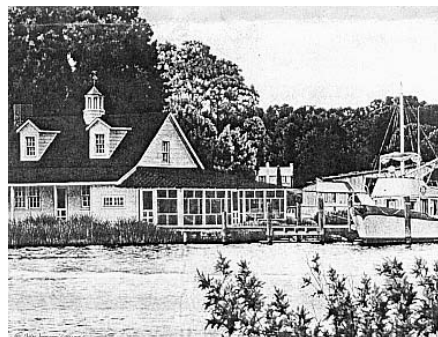
Egret 17' Skin-on-Frame Kayak, easy to build; many covering options. Plans, patterns, detailed instructions \$55. SASE for more info. ROSS MILLER BOAT DESIGN, P.O. Box 256 West Mystic CT 06388 (7P)

Robb White & Sons Sport Boat, handy, pretty, proven 16' x 43" strip planked skiff. Will plane with 2 adults with 4hp. Full sized mold patterns, complete instructions. \$75. SASE for photos & specs. ROBB WHITE & SONS, Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799 (TFP)

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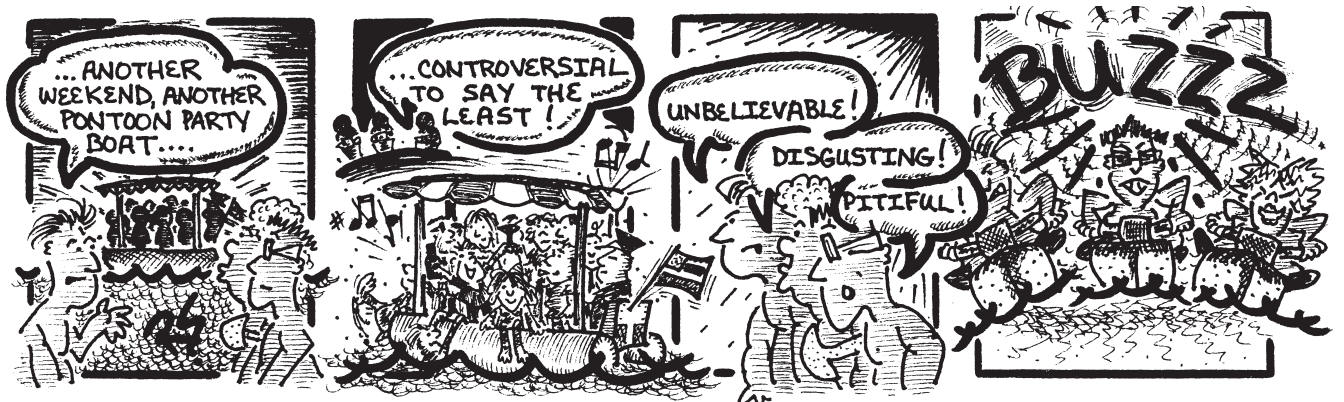
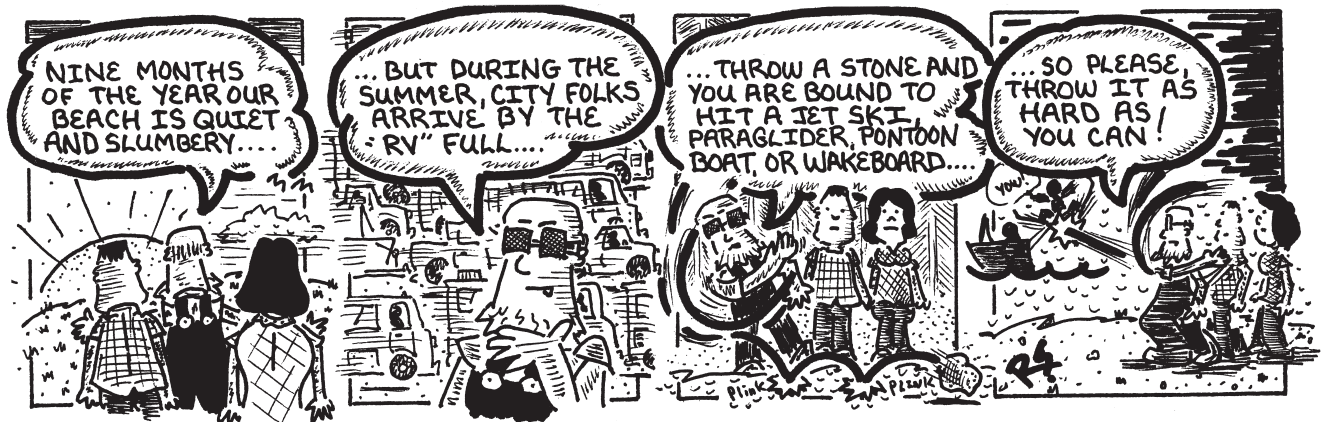


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July 28-30 Finger Lakes Antique & Classic
Skaneateles NY *

Aug 4-6 Antique & Classic Boat Museum,
Clayton, NY *

Aug 11-13 Maine Boats & Harbors Show,
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